The AMERICAN SPECTATOR

A LITERARY NEWSPAPER

Vol. 1. No. 11. SEPTEMBER, 1933 All Rag Paper Edition—50 Cents

The AMERICAN SPECTATOR

A LITERARY NEWSPAPER

EDITED BY

GEORGE JEAN NATHAN
ERNEST BOYD
THEODORE DREISER

JAMES BRANCH CABELL
EUGENE O'NEILL

Published by THE AMERICAN SPECTATOR, INC.
RICHARD R. SMITH, *President*
12 East 41st Street, New York City

The American Spectator is published on the third Thursday of each month and is published simultaneously in England, France, Germany, Austria and Italy. It is on sale on all the first-class trans-Atlantic steamships. Unsolicited manuscripts, unless they be accompanied by fully stamped, self-addressed envelopes, will not be returned. All such manuscripts must be addressed to the Editors, not to individual editors. The entire contents of this publication are protected by copyright and must not be reprinted in whole or in condensed form without special permission. The price of single copies is 10 cents; annual subscriptions $1.25; foreign subscriptions $1.75. All rag paper edition of second and succeeding issues, 50 cents, or by subscription direct to publisher, $5.00 a year. Editorial and publishing offices, 12 East 41st Street, New York City. Printed in the United States of America. Copyright 1933 by The American Spectator, Inc., Richard R. Smith, President. Entered as second class matter October 28, 1932, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

EDITORIAL CONFERENCE

(With Wine)

Nathan

The purpose of this evening's conference, as I understand it, gentlemen, is to discuss the state of the nation.

Cabell

What nation?

O'Neill

Obviously, the Irish. They are always being discussed—to death. Is that not so, Brother Academician?

Boyd

Perhaps it is poor taste to remind me of our superiority to our three colleagues. However, let us be different, for once, and discuss the Jews.

Dreiser

Well, to begin with, I offer that the world's quarrel with the Jew is not that he is inferior, but that he is superior. He is uniformly altogether too successful in the professions, as well as in science, philosophy, education, trade, finance, religious theory, musicianship—also musical composition, painting, poetry, and the other arts.

Nathan

Poetry? Nonsense! In the entire history of literature since the time of Christ, there has been but one first-rate Jewish poet—Heine.

Dreiser

You are forgetting that compendium not only of religious but of pure poetry—the Old Testament—its Song of Songs, its Psalms, Ecclesiastes, the Book of Job, the poetic flights of Isaiah and Jeremiah. Weren't they written by Jews?

O'Neill

The Bible, as we know it, was written by a coterie of Church of England literary gents under King James. But for them, its influence would be nil.

Boyd

I am amazed at the theory that the Jews are an artistic people. Consider! One of their fundamental religious tenets, let me remind you, is: *Thou shalt not make unto thyself any graven image.* Their religion has inspired no religious music; their religious buildings are without beauty; theirs is the only church in the world, in point of fact, that has no artistic majesty such as engages admiration irrespective of religious belief.

Nathan

One has to take the lowest and most degraded form of Christian architecture—a Kansas Methodist Church, for instance, to find an occasional example of ecclesiastical ugliness with which to rival the consistent ugliness of Jewish ecclesiastical buildings, save only their great doors, which are often beautiful.

Boyd

The Jews, like the Irish and the French, are reputed to be (and rather like to think they are) a witty and ironic people. In fact, they are a melancholy, sad, sentimental, self-centred, self-conscious, depressed race. Their religious beliefs offer no hope to mankind—hence the failure of Judaism. No one has ever produced any reason why anyone should be converted to Judaism. For this reason, the Jews themselves have long since abandoned all hope of proselytizing. You cannot proselytize when you have nothing to offer but sadness and melancholy and despair. In direct contrast is the Catholic Church which, in a sense, is the nearest thing to Judaism as a religious organization and as a dietary religion. But the Catholic Church has endless stunts and tricks which appeal to diverse people, from Harvard intellectuals to the patients, from Oxford dons to ditch diggers. Occasionally, it even gets a Jew.

Nathan

In America, all successful non-Jewish religious bodies capture all supremely successful Jews. They like the disguise.

Dreiser

You can assert all these things about the Jew, but in doing so you are neglecting certain facts. From the period that produced the Old Testament on, the Jews were not only dispersed, but suppressed. Social, and hence to a degree, artistic expression were denied them for nearly 2000 years. Ended as a nation by Rome, they proceeded to wander. They were dispersed and, worse, frustrated by Christianity. But now turn to the Jew since the bans were lifted and he has been allowed to step into the arena of social, political, and intellectual activity. As I see it, in this period—which cannot be much over 200 years—and even if all you say is literally true, how do you explain the astounding development of a race that has, according to your assertions, small claim to art, science, or what have you? In 200 years we have had Jewish composers, musicians, painters, philosophers, statesmen, and scientists: Schumann, Schlegel, Marx, Bloch, Sati, Rodin, Epstein, Lewisohn, Loeb, Freud, Feuchtwanger, Disraeli, Cahan, Einstein, Schubert, etc., etc.

O'Neill

Cabell

Nathan

Boyd

What about Shaw, de Valera, Sean O'Casey and all those other Jews?

Nathan

Painters and composers? Name one really first-rate Jewish painter! Composers? Meyerbeer and Mendelssohn, second-raters, —who else, save third-raters like Schoenberg? . . .

Dreiser

The Jews claim many more, and perhaps justly.

Nathan

The reason for this emergence of the Jews that you speak of is due to what seems to me a very simple thing. For 2000 years the members of the other faiths have been dissipating their energies hating the Jews so violently and indignantly that they have exhausted themselves. In all this time, the Jews have sat back very quietly and humorously and have done their job.

Dreiser

My real quarrel with the Jew is not that he is inefficient or ignorant or even unæsthetic. It is that he is really too clever and too dynamic in his personal and racial attack on all other types of persons and races. Some races, like some individuals in athletics, and some horses in races, must justly carry handicaps. The Jew, to me, particularly in the realm of commerce and some practical professions, wherein shrewdness rather than any creative labor is the chief issue, might well be compelled to accept a handicap—limitation as to his numbers in given lines. Thus 100,000 Jewish lawyers might be reduced to ten and the remainder made to do farming.

Cabell

Your fulsome testimonial to the Jew makes me wonder why he doesn't take over the dictatorship of the United States.

Dreiser

Give him time and he might. However, there is a singular and important tendency toward individuality in all nations, as in all men, which works to prevent him. The world, as we see it today, at least, is made up of various nationalities functioning as such within given boundaries, under given temperamental laws and national inclinations, desires and interests. The Jew, unfortunately, and decidedly by the action of dispersion, has been placed, in so far as all this is concerned, in an anomalous position. He finds himself scattered in all countries, but still retaining all of his racial if not nationalistic characteristics, and desiring, first and foremost, as he should, to racially further the Jew. Now it may be the genius of the Jew to inspire, to advance, and even, if given time enough, to control the world, but that wouldn't be comfortable or pleasant for the rest of the races and nations. Who would want a whole world of English, of Irish, of Chinese, or of Negroes? Not even the Jews would want that for themselves. But we could and would admire and rejoice in a distinguished and powerful Jewish nation, leading the world if it pleased.

Cabell

But where, pray, would such a great Jewish nation find territory for itself?

O'Neill

For one place in Africa, just north of British South Africa —a semi-temperate region as large as the United States, and extending from the Atlantic to the Indian Ocean. Politically and territorially, as things stand today, I am sure it could be arranged.

Boyd

So that is your answer to present difficulties with the Jew.

Dreiser

In part, yes. I would ask the Jew with all his ability and his wealth and admiration of power, with all the genius he shows when he enters an alien land and becomes a powerful factor in its welfare, or its domination, I would ask him, I say, personally to consider whether in just plain fairness to nations that want to be themselves, that don't care to be dominated by a church or race or theory of life, and are not, in short, as clever as he is, why he shouldn't step up before the peoples of the world and ask for just such a territory in which to develop a nation of his own and with which he could deal on the basis of his own genius in all lines. With the Jews nationally so placed, we could deal, just as they could deal with every other nation in the world. And by degrees all should benefit from their very great ability to organize and construct. What I cannot understand is their present objection to doing so. But this may be the result of their scattering in historic times, and it may, for all we know, be presently overcome by the Jew himself.

O'Neill

Such, at least, appears to be the opinion of Mr. Ludwig Lewisohn, who, if I read him aright, is anxious for just such a Jewish land and nation.

Dreiser

On the other hand, a distinguished Jewish friend of mine is wholly satisfied that Mr. Lewisohn is entirely wrong and advocates instead of nationalization for the Jew—or any dream of international dominance for him—that he be left just as he is, persecuted if you please, Hitlerized or pogromed or socially discriminated against, but left to work out his fate according to his present circumstances and handicaps or advantages, as you will. For, as this man insists, the Jew is more of a bugaboo or myth than a real and certain evil. So as not to misinterpret my Jewish friend in any way, I will quote him, since he has troubled to express himself to me in a letter: "While there is the Jew like Lewisohn who insists that the Jews should have a land of their own and distinguish themselves as a nation, there is the Jew like myself who believes that the Jews are a peculiarly and specially tempered people, who are not interested to construct an all-round nation, but prefer to share in and take advantage, if possible, of selected aspects and gifts of other nations. In other words, temperamentally they are inclined to drift to whatever nation is of promise in their time and, once there, to join their specific interests and energies with it, in the hope of bettering themselves and the world. Please note Marx and Trotsky, the one in Germany, the other in Russia. Personally, I feel that this constitutes a Jewish fate which is not to be overcome by either agreement among themselves as a nation, or any agreements with the world in general permitting their liberty of wandering. And because of this, we Jews must be prepared to suffer the things which such a peculiarly minded and motivated people might be expected to suffer, and that includes exiles, removals or exclusions such as occurred in Egypt, Syria, Rome, Spain and now Germany, also pogroms of the Russian type. Personally I believe that in spite of all that, and with the developing intelligence of nations, the fate of the Jew will take care of itself, and that while he will never seize control nor prove an overwhelming force in any country, since he does not breed fast enough and suffers from a higher death rate, he will add greatly to the fire and strength and development of such countries as he chooses to ally himself with, and by the same token to the mental and social development of the world at large."

O'Neill

Bravo!

Nathan

Probably the only answer.

Boyd

There is, of course, already a practical confirmation of his attitude, and a refutation of any invitation to him to occupy temperate South Africa. There is Palestine. Also Soviet Russia has offered territory, the Biro-Bidzhan district, I believe, for the exclusive use of the Jews, to which, however, they remain socially cold or nearly so.

O'Neill

They don't respond, I believe, because they differ violently among themselves.

Dreiser

More likely they don't respond because, as my friend suggests, they see no great opportunity for self-development in connection with an already established, progressive, and so successful, people.

Nathan

Not only that, but the Jews themselves, of one race though they may be, do not sufficiently agree—any more than do the Latins or the so-called Nordics—that they should be united in one land and under one government. Like the Italians, the French —both Latin—the Norwegians, the Swedes—both Nordics—the Japanese, the Chinese—both Mongolians, the German Jew despises the Russian, and the brave and powerful Semitic Arab is quite ready to attack and annihilate the Palestinian Jew so recently assembled in Judea. Further, right here in America the Jews of Russian, German, and Spanish extraction are unduly at variance in their notions of each other—so much so that you find such rabbis as Weinstein and Wise disagreeing as to what is the permissible attitude of Germany in regard to the Jew—Wise supporting a degree of regulation of the German Jew in favor of German nationality, Weinstein none. I would add, in pre-Christian days it was the warlike Assyrian Jew who led the Mosaic, Palestinian Jew into captivity and all but denationalized him.

Dreiser

Whatever the outcome, it should not be an insupportable hardship for the Jews to nationalize themselves, and it should not, I hope, involve bloodshed or enormous cruelty. If I had any way to influence the Jews, it would be in the direction of their taking the matter in their own hands, and so solving their own problems, which certainly they have the genius to do.

Cabell

This Utopian idea of Dreiser's is utterly impossible of fulfillment for the simple reason that he places too great a reliance on the psychic domination of the Jew. Any nation of which the Jew was the base would immediately go to hell for the reason that the Jew, being insecure and often even hypocritical, would try to imitate the government which had tried to run the nation before.

Boyd

Why did England find it possible to make one Jew prime minister and another viceroy of India? The English are never worried by these anti-Semitic superstitions.

Nathan

You visualize, Dreiser, one of the most extensive territories in the world inhabited and run by Jews. You believe that they would, by their genius, presently establish themselves as one of the most successful national enterprises in the present world. Within two years, I contend, the dominating element of that population would have joined the Episcopalian Church.

Boyd

The English and the French have had the sense to see that you cannot accept or reject Jews *en masse*. Everything depends upon what type the Jew happens to be, his beliefs, his habits and general level of development. If they differ markedly from their neighbors and remain aloof, then the Jews do not become viceroys or prime ministers in Gentile countries.

Dreiser

What I cannot overlook, though, in connection with the Jews, is that we have another problem almost as serious: the Catholics, with their determination to undermine the school system and rule through their own interpretation of life. And in France, Spain, Italy, Mexico, and in Germany along with the Jews, they have recently been attacked. Yet in their case we have not been called upon to protect them, or protest in their favor.

Cabell

I observe that all these problems are in great part due to a belief in primitive religious concepts—some more primitive than others, but all alike sources of obscurantism. And these, I may add, might easily be escaped by suppressing sectarian education in outworn and entirely mythical religious conceptions of life.

Boyd

I agree. As it is now, one religion compels its priests to remain celibate while urging laymen to marry, and these celibates rejoice in the incapacity of the participants to have either the decency or the common sense to exercise birth control. On the other hand, the Orthodox Greek Church recently gave us the example of a Syrian bishop who was reprimanded for getting married because deacons, sub-deacons and the lower orders of the church were allowed to marry, but the master minds of the religion were supposed not to.

O'Neill

The amusing thing about the Syrian bishop was that he made this marriage through correspondence, through a marriage bureau, like the ancient Chinese and some modern New Englanders.

Boyd

There is something infinitely diverting to me about the spectacle of a kosher Catholic priest, whose form of fasting consists in eating the most expensive, the most appetizing food. For example, in Ireland, where salmon is an extremely fine fish, not commonly obtainable, a parish priest, who cannot eat a lamb chop costing twenty-five cents, can do himself well on Fridays and every day during the six weeks of Lent on these exquisite portions of salmon, salmon trout and trout. This fish naturally demands a white wine. With the soup, one has sherry and then a nice bottle of white Burgundy or a Bordeaux. Obviously, of course, if it is Lent, he is not entertaining until after dinner, whereupon after dinner, four cronies come in. After they have decided that birth control is immoral, and that James Joyce should be suppressed, they chortle over the bawdier passages of Petronius and Martial, and after the triple Irish whiskies and plain water have been drunk, and the final glass of punch has been had, the priest retires to bed, feeling that Lent is not such a bad thing after all.

Nathan

This whole argument about Jews and Catholics gets down, finally, to a question of patriotism. If everyone understood and valued his land or nation enough—its economic, social, and mental needs—no phase of silly sectarianism would ever obtain a foothold. However and alas, I fear patriotism has its limitations. A man cannot die for half a hemisphere. No man has ever yet died for size. The youngest American who died at San Mihiel, full of the noble patriotism of a boy in his teens—(if, by any chance, the imaginings of the romantics are true)—his final thought of America was not a thought embracing anything extending from Nome, Alaska, to Portland, Maine. He may have thought of a town in Indiana, where he was a child, or he may have thought of one street in New York, where he once was very happy, or very unfortunate, but assuredly he never thought of the United States as a whole.

O'Neill

Or, as you, Cabell, once wrote in another direction, a man can never really love a woman unless he reflects how easy it would be for him to murder her.

Nathan

Which are the nations most intense and, in fact, rather tiresome because of their fervid enthusiasm and patriotism? Always countries limited either literally to a small size or limited intellectually and, to some extent, by the absence of a desire to expand. The French are perhaps the prime example because they have an empire. The French have an empire, next to the British, the largest in the world. They never visit it; they know nothing about it; they don't die for it or do anything about it. But they have the strength or the weakness of the smallest countries, and that is that personally they own some little piece of land and it is of this they have thought when they advanced against any enemy.

O'Neill

To an American, this excessive and violent patriotism of the French is quite as difficult to understand as it would be for the rest of us to understand the intense patriotism of Texas, which is about the same size as France.

Dreiser

Furthermore, no man cares to die for his relatives.

Boyd

It is true, for instance, that a man from Michigan or from Connecticut would probably not die with enormous enthusiasm for a Southerner born in Maryland, and I doubt whether a Californian or anybody west of the Rockies would die for anybody on Manhattan Island.

Nathan

In short, in this diverse and highly dissociated American nation, to ask a young boy to go out for any cause whatever and die for it is like asking an adult and meditative man to die for his second and third cousins, most of whom he has never seen, thank God.

Cabell

To revert to the Jewish question. In pursuance of the idea which has been expressed a bit earlier in the evening, I suggest that America present the American Jews with the State of Kansas. Thereby, in the first place, we might rid ourselves of Kansas; in the second place, of the Jews; and in the third place, we might happily establish in the heart of America a source not only of æsthetic development but of financial support.

Dreiser

And, now, gentlemen, a cool drink.

Omnes

Bis!

DRAGON'S BREATH

by THELMA MAXEY

IT was in 1928 and the angry dragon was sweeping the countryside with flame, sword and stalking death. I had been very busy and my work carried me again and again into the war zones. Not that there are many other zones in Manchuria, because for years I have been accustomed to posted machine-guns and martial law in its principal cities.

For two days I followed the retreat of Chang-Tso-Lin's men, who had by that time lost all cohesion and organization. Cavalry dragging guns through the mud—mounts strewn in putrefying disarray on the fields and roads—lagging, weary men who had not eaten for days—and artillery without guns.

On the third morning, as I came nearer the railway line, I reached the fighting zone—or rather what was left of it. Like a ghastly nightmare, the village I saw that morning rises before my vision. Each terrifying detail of disaster is clarified into a reality which again hears the dying groans of people who had lain for two days in the muddy streets; sees the terror of a half-

(*Continued on Page 2, Col. 1*)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DRAGON'S BREATH

(*Continued from Page* 1, *Col.* 4)

score of little yellow women with tiny, crippled feet, and hears their shrieks as they totter away to some cranny, like rats driven from hole to hole by a ferret.

In sudden, awful horror, and with my heart in my throat, I rein-in my horse; almost under its hoofs is a gaily-trousered figure. Black glassy eyes are staring up at the hot Manchurian sun; across the forehead is a disarranged black bang; a frail and beautiful hand is partially submerged in the slimy ooze.

Then I notice that the fingers are clutching an unusual circular phial. Unusual, but familiar enough to me, for there were a dozen similar ones on my laboratory shelf in Mukden, and on each I had pasted a skull and cross-bones label. She had cheated the dragon.

I set my teeth hard and ride around the outstretched hand.

Ahead of me is a bunch of pi-dogs, snapping and snarling. I push my horse through them, and then, with a cry that is like a scream in my own ears, retreat, wheeling my mount in another direction, for they are feeding horribly. But two of them had got into the path of my horse and were now slinking away from the others, passing me, noses sniffing the ground. I remember something and shudder, but I do not look back.

I want to close my eyes and let my horse find the way, but I cannot. Each time that his hoofs sink into the yielding slime I must look down. Too late I see a man's Chinese skull-cap; on it is a button of rose-quartz; the horse's hoof plunges it into the ooze.

A sack-clad leper waves pallid hands at me, and curses me as I go on. Wisps of smoke reach me from a smouldering ruin. The foul odor of dead blood is everywhere.

I press my arms tightly to my sides; just a little more—just a little further—just a few more of the ghastly things to pass by, and I will reach the railway station. . . .

The station is a chaotic jumble of broken timbers. I am so tired. An old man points to the rails from which the bolts have been withdrawn. He mutters something about *fengshui*. Everything disastrous in China is attributed to *fengshui*—the Dragon of Destruction. Slowly I turn my weary horse and ride away, across the kaoliang fields, leaving behind me the mud-backed walls of a pillaged town.

But there were still other things to be seen on that dreadful journey.

Hours later I sat in a sort of nightmare lethargy while the train sped toward Mukden. Suddenly I was recalled to grim reality. From somewhere outside the train, which was slowing-up for a station, came the hideous chatter of a machine-gun. For an instant I saw a silken robed man outside my compartment window who was waving his arms. The train jerked a little and gathered speed.

And then, for a moment that encompassed cycles of time, I looked into an inferno more ghastly than the farthest reach of Dante's imagination. A sight so dreadful that on my death-bed I will recall it and shriek. A thing so impossible that, in remembering today, I lose faith in the goodness of God and the innate decency of mankind: One, two, three, four railway trucks—I counted as we drew slowly past them—filled with a hundred or more men in each, who were writhing in death agony, while blood seeped through the cracks and over the sides in rivulets.

Altogether, eight thousand of them had been loaded, unarmed, onto railway trucks that day, believing that they were to be sent home, and at selected stations they had been mowed down by machine-guns at the order of the War-Lord, the Old Marshal Chang-Tso-Lin.

COMMUNICATIONS

III

"How very satisfying and comforting it would be if any man could walk into the studio of a painter and, as he stood there before the painter's work, could know definitely what makes the man's work beautiful or not beautiful. It would be such a cinch, so satisfying, such an ego boost to the bystander. I am thinking of this because I have had an experience.

"I went recently to see the new work, done within the last two years, by the American painter, Jerome Blum. I was in New York and hearing that this painter had recently returned to America, went to see him. I went into a room where there were some twenty, twenty-five, perhaps thirty canvases piled against a wall. It was late in the afternoon and I am a provincial. All day I had been seeing people and was tired. I was full of my own affairs. 'Come on,' I said, 'let's see.' Then it came . . . the fine, rare experience that no man has too often. There is a new poet or a new proseman who suddenly begins to write beautifully. What a tightening of the heart strings when you come upon such work. It's a little odd . . . half beautiful work often makes you half jealous or envious. Clever work always does that to me, but really beautiful work doesn't. You are simply and naturally glad that another man has succeeded in getting into his work something you are always so stumblingly trying for.

"I think Jerome Blum has done it. I think that this work of his, this gorgeous painting, done in the last two years, tells a fine story. I don't know what the story is. Blum has always been a strong, bold painter. He has never been afraid of color, but in this new work there is something, I swear, that was never there before . . . something ripe, alive, glowing. Any one of these paintings placed against the wall in a room makes the whole room suddenly and miraculously alive. I stood before them tired and confused and suddenly I was not tired. I was simply glad and happy. I suddenly wanted everyone to see them. That is why I am writing this. I hope it may induce someone else to have the stirring, fine experience I have had.

"An awakening, a coming back to life and sense of life through the work of another. I started to speak of these paintings by saying I did not know what it was that suddenly comes into another man's work that gives it such dignity and integrity, and I do not stake my judgment on what I am here saying about the new work of Blum. What I stake is my senses. I am glad enough to stake that."

—Sherwood Anderson.

THERE GO I, GRACELESS

by CHARLES McMORRIS PURDY

DON'T sit with your head in your hands, Mister Black, looking at me with those sad, haunted eyes. Don't tell me, Mister Black, you hate to say it, there isn't a job. God knows I thought there wasn't, but it didn't do any harm to try, did it?

After all, it makes you feel better, just seeing people, talking to people, even having them tell you that there isn't a job, than to sit on a bench in the park watching people sitting watching other people, and ladies with Scotties and wire-haired terriers walking past, as if life had no other meaning for them except exercise for the dogs and an engagement somewhere when they got through airing the dogs. And then, the cars—those lovely, whizzing beauties, touched by no depression, no want, (because mortgages and unpaid installments aren't written on the surfaces of cars).

It is better to sit in an office, to feel the warmth of it, to listen to the familiar hum of office humanity, than to eat out your heart watching the skyline of the park, and the women and the dogs, and the sleek cars.

Don't sit with your head in your hands, Mister Black, as if it pained you to turn me down. I've been turned down before, God knows! I really didn't think you had a job for me. I don't think there are any jobs. But I wish that you'd smile, for a change—you and all you others who have to say no. I wish you would say that you, too, weren't afraid for your own job.

Sometimes, coming from the lips of the president of the company, it sounds just a bit ludicrous. It sounds like hell. And that sad, slow motion of your eyes. It gives me a gripe. If I were you, I'd smile, anyway, and not look so sad.

Or maybe you're afraid, just as afraid of the future as I am. I hadn't thought about that. Maybe you're afraid you'll be in my shoes, begging for a job—ten, twenty a week—Christ, can't you give me a chance, Mister!

I don't want a *lot* of money, I want just enough to eat and sleep on. It's funny as hell, Mister Black, I'm not proud. Two years ago I was proud. Today I'm not. I'm humble as hell. The Bible says blessed are the meek for they shall inherit the earth. I'm meek, all right, but I haven't noticed much inheriting.

You're sorry, you say, Mister Black. It's tough. You don't know what the world's coming to. God, how it hurts you to turn down man after man, say no, no, all day long. Sometimes, you say, you haven't the heart to see anyone asking for a job, sometimes you order your secretary to protect you, and she protects you all right! Say, Mister Black, I've met that secretary of yours! I don't know what she earns, or how unhappy she is, but she can be more cruel than any number of bosses.

A middle-aged spinster can throw a man into the gutter quicker than the presidents of a hundred corporations. Sometimes, I wish I could have had the courage to tell a secretary to go to hell. But that's the trouble with having been a gentleman. You get mad, so mad, because you can't talk back, the tears come into your eyes, and you mumble something and ring the elevator bell; and she—damn you, you slut!—and she walks away like a pussy with its back arched, confident she has saved the boss heartbreak.

I wish, lady, *you* had to hunt for a job.

But it's you, Mister Black, who are important. You are my hope, my protection against myself. If it weren't for you I don't know what I'd do. I'd go mad, sitting in the park, watching the women and the dogs and the cars. I'd go mad trying not to think of tomorrow. But you—sitting there in your office, sitting there making appointments, making or losing money for your firm—you are a kind of merciful God, willing at least to see me, talk to me, make me feel I am still a human being. You keep up my slipping self-esteem, you are the dividing line between my being a bum and a man out of work—a thief and a gentleman.

You're awfully sorry, old man. Why, only yesterday, a man who gave you your first job came in and begged on his knees, cried in fact! *Jesus, it was terrible, and I had to say no!*

I'll smile at this, knowing that when a man needs a job, when that job is so desperate a need, he can't go on feeling sorry for the other man who hasn't a job, either. At first—it seems a long time ago—I felt that the other man needed the job more than I. But now—*Now*, Mister Black, I'm losing my thin veneer of education, of twentieth century culture. I'm losing a great deal that, even if things take a turn for the better, I can never win back. I am losing that small, infinitesimal speck in a man called a soul. And when you've lost that, there isn't much else to lose, I guess.

II

At first, Mister Black, I was nice and civilized, just like yourself. I wouldn't be surprised if, then, I didn't make more money than you are making now. I'm not bitter about that. Feeling bitter is such a cheap trick, anyhow. No, Mister Black, it's deeper than that!

I count the small remaining sum in my pockets that keeps me away from the breadline, a pretty small amount between that and this. I look back on college, on travels in Europe, on parties in New York; I say to myself, Kid, you had a pretty good time, didn't you? At least you've had that. And then, Mister Black, I look ahead, or try to. I look at you, and at the park, at the dirty streets of this city which weren't clean even in the good years. I watch well-fed clerks busy in your offices; I know that they at least, for today, have meals, have a bed.

Dear God, Mister Black, don't you see what that does to people like me? Holding out against grimmer than death, spreading pennies to keep out of the gutter, and you sit with your head in your hands and stare at me, shaking your head and telling me how bad things are, how badly you feel about not giving me a job.

Mercy in Heaven, Mister Black! Do you want me to kill you? Do you want me to turn into a mob, growling in its throat, fighting for bread and sleep?

Me, I'm nothing. But there are lots of others like me, too many others. We're willing, yes, Mister Black, eager to pound the pavements from eight-thirty to five every day in hope of finding a job and keeping our self-respect and our integrity.

But that was in the beginning. It was a long time back, I guess, although now the days are so much alike I think I started out an age before yesterday.

I sit in your office, Mister Black, and I hate you. I hate your guts. I hate the guts of every man and woman in your office, in all your offices.

You and they have jobs, you and they eat and sleep and have simple pleasures, and probably subscribe your share to the unemployment relief, like good, honest souls. But I hate you, just the same! I hate the offices I pass coming to your office, filled with busy people. It seems funny, but offices appear busier now than ever they did before. I never knew offices could be so busy. Too busy. There isn't any place for me in them. You're too busy! That's a joke, isn't it, Mister Black, when you tell me you are barely keeping your head, your sad-eyed head, above water?

And you could ask me, hating your prosperity so, why should I feel the need of seeing you?

Habit, guess, or a desire to see for myself that the old world I used to know still exists, the very existence of some kind of order out of the chaos of the park. Even hating you keeps me from thinking about tomorrow. I feel as if I had a place in life, bustling from office to office, hunting a job, talking to you, Mister Black, saying good-by, seeing those sad eyes in your bowed head say farewell, and sad eyes in a bowed head greeting me in the next office. It keeps me alive, it feeds me, seeing you, asking for a job, suddenly finding myself filled with a new energy and confidence when you are nice to me, and kind though sorrowful, and I try to sell myself to you as if there were a hope of working for you—as if with you, Mister Black, I'd find a corner, a desk of my own, an existence. I'm full of hope, then. I forget what awaits outside in the street, in the park, in the subway. You keep me alive, just listening to me.

It is dangerous to sit in a park, Mister Black.

I try to avoid doing so, if I can, because then I know how useless it is for me to go around hunting jobs. I see other young men, like myself, old men, kids, sitting huddled on park benches, all of us watching women walking past us, cars whizzing by. I see all this, and I say to myself, Kid, you've got enough for one more week of job-hunting. You're at the end of your rope, unless. . . . What will it be, Kid? This bench, this park, the hope of a hand-out at the breadline, the quick deterioration into a bum, standing in Times Square, waiting for whatever opportunity at making a dime may come along?

You see, I know what is ahead, what it is all about, Mister Black. And, knowing, I don't like to sit in a park and see nothing ahead but eventual extinction. People live on, somehow, I guess. I'm young. I've got to live. Don't you see, Mister Black, that's why I hate you, that's why, instead of feeling bitter, I feel grim?

I know that, between starvation and crime, I'd choose crime. To hell with nobility! Nobility won't feed your belly. To hell with civilized rites of living! Being civilized won't find you a bed to sleep on. It won't keep you on the right side of that invisible line between being a bum and a job hunter. I'm afraid of that invisible line, Mister Black—it's like a line between life and death.

You can't help it, you say?

I know, Mister Black, I'm not blaming you. I'm sorry you can't help me. I don't hate you for not helping me, I simply hate you because you are something I want to be.

You are. . . . Well, Mister Black, look out of the window.

See that park? See that bench, those hopeless men, those boys, those tottering wretches?

See the well-dressed women leading little dogs, little dogs whose upkeep would feed and sleep me? See Mister Black? See those glistening cars whizzing, whizzing. . . .

THE MAN WHO TOOK KISMET FOR A RIDE

by STANLEY H. HOWE

THE coming October 29th marks the tenth anniversary of the founding of the Turkish Republic.

And it should focus world-wide attention upon a man in Ankara who flashes out in present Old World politics like a beacon breaking through the gloom of a stormy night. Unashamed of his own nationalism, unafraid of his own religion, this amazing human dynamo,—who whipped the Allies at the Dardanelles, and in 1922 with a motley army of peasants wearing American uniforms, tribesmen carrying German rifles, and women dragging British cannon, drove an invading Greek Army into the Mediterranean Sea—, this life-long warrior, Mustapha Kemal, who earned the title of Gazi, "The Conqueror", by his miracles on the battlefields, has taken one of the most hidebound, superstitious, and belligerent peoples on earth, molded them into a modern, progressive, neighborly Republic, steered them through the world-wide economic crisis without borrowing money, unbalancing their budget, or whining about their debts, and kept old man Mars from their necks for the first consecutive ten years in Ottoman history.

Let's take a quick inventory of what this man Kemal has really accomplished in Turkey during that brief decade.

Ask the acceptedly well-informed American and he will invariably explain, "He took the veils off the women and substituted the European hat for the fez."

And what of it? It was not the act of abandoning the fez and removing the veils that mattered. The act was merely symbolic of something far deeper and more important. What Kemal really tore away were the veils of superstition, ignorance and religious fanaticism. When he banned the fez, he was not concerned with what was on top of the heads of the Turks, but what was on the inside of them. He knew that he had to make a violent gesture, a radical change in their daily habits and customs, in order to open up their minds. In effect, his act was another Lincoln Emancipation Proclamation. It freed fourteen million mental slaves.

That the minds of the Turks were ripe for opening, that the people were as ready for the Gazi as he proved to be ready for them, was dramatically evidenced by their quick response to his ban on the veil and the fez, an edict as sensational in Anatolia as would be an executive order from Franklin Roosevelt in America that all women must remove their brassières and all men wear sandals instead of shoes. For the veil, to Mohammedan daughters, was a far more intimate garment than is the brassière to Christian females, and the fez was part and parcel of age-long Moslem religious ceremony.

But both American and Turkish eye-witnesses in Istanbul and Ankara have informed me that within twenty-four hours after Mustapha Kemal's decree, not a fez was in sight anywhere. Men appeared on the streets wearing caps, derbies, fedoras, and even women's hats of all shapes and descriptions, but not a fez. Dazed, bewildered old men went home to startle their wives with their new headgear and futilely try to explain the reason for it. As in Roosevelt's Bank Holiday in the United States, the general comment from husband to wife was: "I don't understand it. But

(*Continued on Page* 3, *Col.* 1)

I CALL HER MAMA NOW

by LILLIAN HELLMAN KOBER

I CALL her Mama now, but when I went to the De Guinzberg School for Modern Advanced Children I had to call her Clem. Madame Cecile De Guinzberg—she supervised our lack of inhibitions—often used to say, "Eden, you're a problem child. You can't call your mother Mother or Mama. You've got to call her by her first name. The other is so antimacassar." (That was the time I made answer, "Thank you, Madame, the agony has abated." Madame De Guinzberg is notably not bright and she never knew I got it from Macaulay. I had been reading Macaulay behind a copy of "Venus in Furs," which was prescribed reading for the Fall term. I *like* inhibited writers.)

Well, anyway, when I was ten—in 1929—Pa, who had never been around much anyway, disappeared. I didn't care much for Pa and I didn't pity him, because I had always thought he was a little silly. He's out in Tacoma now mixing blood and bone for cattle feed, but he wrote right away to say he was quite happy and Mama could keep the money—he had plenty on his twelve bucks a week. Mama gets a thousand a week alimony, but I think that's going to the other extreme. I don't believe in extremes.

Well, anyway, the day after Pa left, I came home from school after a particularly nasty row with Madame De Guinzberg. During our French lesson—in three years we had never gotten further than Sims' "First Reader"—Madame said, "As de Maupassant would have said. . . ."

Well, sir, that got me riled. I'm usually pretty calm but, my God, there are some things you just can't stand. Anyway, I said, "Look here, Madame, I'm tired of your inaccuracies. It isn't *de* Maupassant unless you put his first name in front of it. When referring to him hereafter kindly say Maupassant, just plain Maupassant."

Madame flew right off the handle. "You're a throw-back," she screamed, "a lousy, pedantic throw-back! This is the *new* way to raise children, and you might as well get that through your *fin de siècle* head!" (That's the only French phrase that Madame could pronounce without sounding as if she had the telephone directory in her mouth.)

Well, anyway, Putzel Angus, a cretin of twelve, who sat on my right, began to throw books at Madame De Guinzberg, and Madame threw a bottle of whisky at Putzel, and everybody began spitting, and the usual afternoon row was on. I was disgusted, finally, and I made up my mind then.

II

Mama was lying on a couch when I got home. Mama looks like an adagio dancer and, although she comes from a good enough family and has published a volume of poetry, "Chaos in Taos," her table manners are vile and she's silly, too. (I treat her as if she weren't quite bright and I think that's the best way to treat people like that.)

Well, anyway, I had to go in for my "five-thirty companionship" talk with Mama. I sat down, and, being ever desirous of having to listen to Mama as little as possible, I began to read the second volume of Spengler. (Of course, I realized full well, even then, that in the Marxist sense he hadn't the proper historical balance, but then it's nice quiet stuff.) Mama immediately asked: "What are you reading, honey?" I said Spengler, and she wanted to know if there was any cohabitation, any frank meeting of problems, in it, because otherwise Madame De Guinzberg shouldn't allow. . . .

Well, sir, that set me off. I said, "Look here. Pa's left home and now I'm leaving, too, unless things get a lot better! Moreover, from now on you're not Clem to me, you're Mama, or you're nothing at all."

Mama screamed.

"Moreover," I said, "a decade is ending."

"That's it," Mama said, "you're decadent."

Well, anyway, what can you do with a woman like that? I said, "Look here, Mama, I'm sick of all this. I won't hear any more about your lovers and I want every book by Stekel thrown out of the house. Tell your brother he's *Uncle* Wallace to me after this, and I don't want to see him naked anymore. Tell your sister she's now *Aunt* Minnie to me and to stop giving me those talks on the new sex freedom." (Aunt Minnie's a nasty flat-chested woman and I want to grow up to be the full-bodied type that Grandpa used to have on the old Erie.) "It's not going to make my attitude toward sex any more beautiful; and tell her to stop saying that, too. I want to pick up my sex in the gutter and I'm not going to any more speakeasies with you. You and your friends are very, very bad drunks." (I myself am an excellent drinker, preferring a little wine always.) "And I eat no more sauces and no more *crêpes!* In short, Mama, although I realize that this isn't coherent, I want an old-fashioned home." I stalked out.

III

Well, Mama and I never did come to a compromise, and I got tired of Aunt Minnie telling me I was just like Grandpa, just as old-fashioned. She said I was a throw-back.

Well, anyway, as I say, we just couldn't get along. I haven't seen Mama since 1930, though I hear that this year she has taken up dogs and Jews and has them in on Sundays. Last week she wrote me that "the future of the country is in Union Square—if only you could see those rapt, englamouring faces." That's Mama.

Well, anyway, I came out to Pa in Tacoma—though I don't see him much either, because I don't believe in extremes—and now I go to a very strict convent school and I'm translating the sixth book of Virgil into Hebrew. I think I'm going to marry a man called Morton. Morton used to be a waiter in Bullock's Los Angeles roof-garden restaurant. He likes good, plain food and he's ashamed of sex, which is swell.

THE WORST BOOK OF THE MONTH

A Novelette and Other Prose.
By William Carlos Williams
5⅞ x 8½. Pp. 127. $1.25
Paris: To Publishers
Boston: Bruce Humphries, Inc.

The Editors felicitate Our Otto on having made a ham out of Mr. Morgan and on having taken the show away from Mr. Pecora by not only admitting everything but by indignantly denouncing the system whereby he is able to make so much money.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE MAN WHO TOOK KISMET FOR A RIDE

(Continued from Page 2, Col. 3)

...e President wants it; and if the President wants it, it must ...e good for our country."

There was the dual secret of Kemal's miraculous achievements. The blind, abiding faith of the people in the man who had saved Turkey, and their readiness to follow him anywhere; and his even greater, more eager, but far from blind readiness to lead his people along paths very new and strange to them, but through which he seemed to know every step of the way.

The Gazi completed a perfect operation on the hideous Siamese twins of Church and State, a miracle in plastic surgery, for he severed the bodies, cut off the heads of each and then restored both to better internal health and external appearance.

He abolished "harems" and polygamy by law, thus creating a more equitable distribution of the undeveloped female resources of the country and reducing sexual unemployment among women to a point of practical non-existence. To sexual equality for women he added economic opportunity. Today the same women may be practising law or medicine in Turkey who but a few years ago could be divorced for the offense of speaking to their own husbands on the street—divorced in three seconds by the triple repetition of the words, "I divorce thee," before two witnesses. Today these same women vote.

He rid his country of ancient European political intrigue and modern American religious hypocrisy. Not completely as yet, or by any single pre-determined action. But he did these things—not with this particular objective exclusively in mind, but with it as an inevitable and clearly foreseen by-product of the accomplishment of the following:

(1) He moved the Capital away from the professional politicians and the meddling missionaries of old Constantinople to the fresh air of the hills of Ankara in Anatolia, far away from the comforts and consorts which those paid parasites had no desire to relinquish.

(2) Through his staunch colleague, Ismet Pasha, Turkey's deaf but far from dumb Prime Minister, he achieved an almost incredible diplomatic victory in the Treaty of Lausanne with the complete abolishment of the Sultan—sold "Capitulations," which had surrendered to foreign commercial interests practically all the spoil of industry and certainly all the toil of industry of the Turkish people.

(3) He tore off the mask of religious hypocrisy from his own people, so that their eyes might focus back to fundamentals and the true spirit of Mahomet's wise philosophy.

(4) He reduced illiteracy from an approximate 90% to an estimated 42% of the population, compelling all adults under 45, as well as children, to go to school. He spends 12½% of his annual budget for education as against 2% in the last years of the Ottoman Government. To simplify education he substituted the modern Latin alphabet of twenty-six letters for the old Arabic script of nearly five hundred letter combinations, and then went out into the streets and public squares himself with a huge chart to set an inspirational example by teaching this new alphabet to his people himself.

(5) He undertook the restoration of ancient Turkish culture, opened up the Art Schools, ordered the Koran translated into the language of his country, and punished the rebellious Muezzins who persisted in singing their perfunctory prayers in the Mosques in a foreign tongue.

(6) He octupled the Sultan's annual budget for railroads and material improvements; conscripted the entire male population for the building of highways; stimulated the development of aviation, engaging American flyers to teach the Turks; and personally directed and supervised the building of a beautiful, modern city of 80,000 people on the swamp-lands and hill-sides of the village of Ankara.

And through it all, for the first ten consecutive years in Ottoman history, he kept his people at peace with all the world, taking the leadership in the movement to keep war out of the bellicose Balkans.

But he drinks too much "raki", according to the author of "The Grey Wolf", who unconsciously suggests that perhaps this is precisely the thing, this "raki", made from the inspiring juices of sun-kissed figs and rain-fondled grapes, that has been so sadly needed on our own White House menu these last dozen years.

For the Gazi likes his "raki" all right—there is no controversy about that—and reaches some of his most important decisions with a glass of champagne in his hand (for the Koran, like the Bible, fails to frown upon wine when it is white). But Kemal has a constitution of iron—he has never met his equal in reserve power—he can drink all night on occasion, either under stress or in celebration, take a horse-back ride at day-break, drive dynamically at his desk until night-fall, then make a good speech at a banquet and not miss a dance after dinner so long as an attractive lady is left on the floor.

He is quickly attractive to women, and quite as readily attracted by them. For Turkish women *en masse* he has done more than any single mortal in their centuries-old history. To some few women in particular he has been exceedingly cruel, as to others he has been unusually kind, even as with some men he has been completely ruthless while to others he has been idealistically loyal.

He is very nearly the same age as Roosevelt and Mussolini; a little taller and less bulky than Il Duce. Graying blond hair. Eyes blue as the Ægean, and cold as those of an Ægean fish, belying the sometimes warm smile playing about his lips.

He governs a patient, proud, stoical, Spartan-like and hero-worshipping people. Fine soldiers, and sportsman-like in war, as British and Australian officers will testify. Home-loving, hospitable peasants mostly, in peace-time, waiting and ready for Kismet's next move. When in 9 B.G. (1914, or nine years before Gazi) the intrigues of politicians manoeuvered them into the World War, most of them had no idea even which side they were on. It was Kismet. If the Greeks and Armenians took over their little farm, or their small business in town, they did not think to see a lawyer. It was Kismet again. If sickness came into their homes—and babies died more often than they lived—they did not send for a doctor. Only old Doctor Kismet.

And so altogether, the truly great thing which Mustapha Kemal did was to take this Kismet for a ride. In the process a Sultan, a Caliph, a British Prime Minister, and a Greek King had figuratively to lose their heads, as many Turkish political and religious leaders had literally to lose theirs. The prejudiced author of "The Grey Wolf" makes much of those hangings, as did many British contemporaries of George Washington's execution of Major André. But fourteen million Turkish people acclaim their Gazi—even as another four million people acclaimed their first President 150 years ago—the Saviour of his Country and the Father of their Republic.

OUR NOT SO PURITAN FATHERS

by TOM DAVIN

OF course, it is an axiom of official historians that all pioneers are stern men, composite characters of Moses and Robinson Crusoe. Just as in ancient times it has been the peculiar task of twins to found cities, so modern states are reserved for inauguration by rugged patriarchs. "Our Founding Fathers" they are called, and their morals are beyond reproach

In American history these scapegoats have been the Puritans. Searching among our early settlers, the New Anglicized historians of the past seventy-five years have given the repressed and constipated countenance and character of that little sect of Separatists to all these worthy men whose efforts created those colonies which later became the United States.

This unfair classification becomes obviously unjust when it is noted that the majority of our founding fathers came from England during the reigns of James I and Charles I (1603-1649), or those of Charles II and James II, (1660-1688)—undoubtedly the bawdiest and most loosely sexual periods of English history. This lusty Anglo-Saxon heritage shows itself in the actions and writings of the early colonists. It is the stuff of which large populations are made.

On May 11th, 1627, (just seven years after the Mayflower dropped anchor) Governor Bradford, pastor of the little Puritan colony at Plymouth, made a disturbing entry in his diary. The night before, Thomas Morton and his pals rent the clear New England air with the first recorded sounds of whoopee in America. On a hill called Mare Mount (later punned into Merry Mount) Bradford notes: "They allso set up a May-pole, drinking and dancing aboute it many days togeather, inviting the Indean women for their consorts, dancing and frisking togeather, (like so many fairies, or furies rather) and worse practices. . . . Morton likewise composed sundry rimes and verses, some tending to lasciviousness, which he affixed to this idle, or idoll May-pole."

In his "New English Canaan" (1637) Morton himself gives a much fuller description of the party. He was quite proud of it, for he was a member of Archbishop Laud's powerful Massachusetts Bay Colony and any method of ribbing the blue-nosed Puritans was in order. That this theological criticism should turn out to be a bit bawdy is only natural considering the contemporary morals of Fair Albion, whence almost all of New England's colonists had come.

As Morton tells it: ". . . while one of the Company sung and filled out the good liquor," the boys danced around the eighty foot May-pole (which was crowned with a symbolical pair of Antlers), "like Gammedes and Jupiter." Whether they followed this classical comparison through to its unnatural conclusion, I have not been able to discover, but from the tenor of their "songe" I doubt it.

Starting with the chorus:

"Drinke and be merry, merry, mer. y boyes
Let all your delight be in Hymen's Joyes:
Io to Hymen, now day is come,
About the Maypole take a Roome."

they sung three verses on the virtues of good liquor, and good corn liquor at that, for what (except rye) could they be meaning when they intoned:

"Give to the Nymphe thats free from scorne
No Irish stuff nor Scotch over worne,
Lasses in Beaver coats come away,
Yee shall be welcome to us night and day."

In this same book Morton describes the little problems of miscegenation that cropped up about nine months after each boatload of early Americans landed. It seems that the Indian babies first bore the mark of their mothers' shame in the pupils of their eyes, for "The colour of their eies, being so generally black, made a Savage, that had a young infant whose eies were gray, shew him to us and said they were English eies. I told the father that his son was *nan weeteo*, which is bastard. . . ." But this rather blunt opinion did not seem to phaze the sophisticated Indian, who replied that such was probably the case and besides what he had come for was an English name for the child.

It is interesting to note, too, that Morton records in Chapters IX and XIII of the Third Book of the "New English Canaan," some adventures of the first American prostitute: a lady of this old profession having evidently recognized the great opportunity offered here, where competition was less keen than in Mother England. Formal historians seem to have overlooked this pioneer courtesan. Can it be that she, too, came over on the Mayflower? Are her descendants as proud of her rugged courage as others who boast of being remote offspring of the colony's first soap-maker?

While the mortified Puritans were being scandalized by their more inquisitive parishioners' joy in Morton's epicurean notes, such as "Beaver's tail broyled . . . is of a masculine vertue for the advancement of Priapus," another Puritan baiter, the Reverend Nathaniel Ward, was gathering material among them for his "Simple Cobbler of Agawam." (1635)

A gentleman of the cloth himself, he could see through their "metaphysical Limbeckings" (bootleg religion) and was no whit deceived. To his pious eyes the Pilgrim Fathers were no better than they should be. And as for the Pilgrim Mothers! Humph! If any gentle reader is of the opinion that the Priscilla Aldens were uniformed in chaste linsey-woolsey mother hubbards, let him listen to the Reverend Ward:

"I am not much offended if I see a trimme far trimmer than she wears it: in a word, whatever Christianity or Civility will allow, I can afford with *London* measure. But when I hear a nugiperous Gentledame inquire what dress the Queen is in this week; what the nudiustertian fashion of the Court; with egge to be in it in all haste, what ever it be; I look at her as the very gizzard of a trifle, the product of a quarter of a cypher, the epitome of Nothing, fitter to be kickt, if she were of kickable substance, than either honour'd or humour'd.

"To speak Moderately, I truly confess it is beyond the ken of my understanding to conceive how those women should have any true Grace, or valuable vertue, that have so little wit as to disfigure themselves with such exotick garbes as not only dismantles their native lovely lustre, but transclouts them into gantbar-geese, ill-shapen-shotten shell-fish, Egyptian Hyeroglyphicks, or at the best into French flurts of the pastery, which a proper English Woman should scorne with her heels. It is no marvel they wear drailes on the hinder part of their heads, having nothing, as it seems, in the forepart, but a few Squirrils brains to help them frisk from one ill-favour'd fashion to another. . . ."

Farther south, one of the most attractive boosters for the New World was George Alsop. In extolling the advantages to be derived from residence in the thriving province of Maryland ("A Character of the Province of Maryland," 1666) he wrote:

"The women that go over into this province have the best luck here as in any place besides, for they are no sooner on shoar, but they are courted into a Copulative Matrimoney, which some of them (for aught I know) had they not come to such a Market with their Virginity, might have kept it by them until it had been Mouldy, unless they had let it out by a yearly rent to some of the inhabitants of Lewknor's Lane, or made a gift of it to Mother *Coney*, having only a poor stipend out of it." No wonder William Byrd later observed that the early Americans would have made better matches among the Indian damosels.

A man who was a smooth talker, however, had almost as good a chance in the marriage mart in those days, for widows were at a premium. According to Alsop, "Men have not altogeather so good luck as women in this kind of natural preferment, without they would be good rhetoricians and well versed in the Art of Perswasion, then (probably) they might rivet themselves in the time of their servitude into the private and reserved favour of their Mistress, if Age speak their Master deficient." As we see, George Washington's eyes were not exactly shut when he married the richest woman in the colonies almost a hundred years later.

Alsop's book makes amusing reading, and gives a good idea of the free and easy manners in the early Maryland Free State.

Jeremy Belknap's "The Foresters" was the most popular book of its times (1672) because it was most outspoken about the colonial abuses of the day, particularly the stud and byre morality that the English overlords imposed upon the Americans. As he explains symbolically, to avoid libel, the gentry encouraged miscegenation (between blacks and whites, as well as with Indians) so that there would be a good supply of cheap labor for the plantations. And the continual dumping of convicts into the American colonies, which he stresses, was not conducive to the high moral tone that was supposed to exist. Belknap's most revolutionary and outspoken book appeared, too, at the very height of the so-called Puritan "Blue Law" era. The later over-publicizing of these "blue laws," which obtained only in a few Connecticut and backwoods Massachusetts communities, is responsible for the general historical reader's impression that those times were ascetic.

As these few excerpts have been taken from those early writers who have been professedly pro-American, I should prefer to omit any criticisms by English visitors, whose manifest dislike of this country and its democratic ways may be summed up in Ebenezer Cook's curse (from his "Sot-Weed Factor," 1706) upon Virginia:

"May Wrath Divine then lay those Regions wast
Where no Man's Faithful, nor a Woman Chast."

and to which he appends the apology: "The Author does not intend by this any of the *English* Gentlemen resident there." Let us rather look into the genial countenance of William Byrd.

While unconsciously surveying in 1729 what later became the Mason-Dixon line, this Black Swan of the family kept a detailed diary of his wanderings and the activities of his troop. Along the trail, Byrd made notes about such unpuritan subjects as a colonial lady who lamented to him that she was unable to get rid of her hymen at any price . . . a holy hermit of the Chesapeake who seemed to have gotten himself a white girl-friend for his solitary cave . . . and the considerable colonies of those first American nudists, the Adamites. Byrd had a Rabelaisian wit that seemed to be genially shared by his companions. Even the chaplain of the expedition was not above his salty quips. Several times he records jokes on the company's perambulating spiritual advisor. Once, "Our chaplain observed with some concern, that the ruffles of some of our Fellow Travellers were a little discolored with *pochoon*, wherewith the good man had been told those Ladies (the Indian women) us'd to improve their invisible charms."

Another time, Byrd involves the parson in one of his lusty discoveries. "And now," he writes with gusto, "for the good of mankind, and for the better Peopling an Infant colony, which has no want but that of Inhabitants, I will venture to publish a Secret of Importance, which our Indian disclos'd to me. I askt him the reason why few or none of his Countrywomen were barren? To which curious Question he answered, with a Broad grin upon his Face, they had an infallible SECRET for that. Upon my being importunate to know what the secret might be, he informed me that, if any Indian woman did not prove with a child at a decent time after Marriage, the Husband, to save his Reputation with the women, forthwith entered into a Bear-dyet for Six Weeks, which in that time makes him so vigorous that he grows exceedingly impertinent to his poor wife and 'tis great odds but he makes her a mother in Nine Months.

"And thus much I am able to say, besides, for the Reputation of the Bear Dyet, that all the Marryed men of our Company were joyful Fathers within forty weeks after they got Home, and most of the Single men had children sworn to them within the same time, our chaplain always excepted, who, with much ado, made a shift to cast out that importunate kind of Devil, by Dint of Fasting and Prayer."

While Byrd for the most part kept to his surveying and the main incidents of his trip, John Lawson of Carolina went into much more detail on the inter-racial problems of the sturdy founding fathers. In his "History of Caroline" (1741) he records that, in the country down Scottsboro way, the early settlers were "seldom without an Indian female for bed-fellow, alleging these reasons sufficient to allow of such familiarity, first, they being remote from any white people, that it preserves their friendship with the heathens, they esteeming a white man's child much above one of their getting, the Indian misses even securing a white friend provisions whilst he stays among them; and lastly, this correspondence makes them learn the Indian tongue much the sooner, they being of the Frenchman's opinion, how that an English wife teaches her husband more English in one night than a school master can in a week."

"The Flos Virginis, so much coveted by the Europeans, is never valued by these savages," he observes, but at their parties he notes signs of cockney mannerisms. "When the dancing was ended, every youth that was so disposed, catched hold of the girl he liked best, and took her that night for his bed-fellow, making as short court-ship and expeditious weddings as the foot guards used to do with the trulls in Salisbury Court." But with true Southern gallantry, Lawson terminates his reflections with the note that "those Indian girls that have conversed with the English and other Europeans, never care for the conversation of their own countrymen afterwards."

Which is perhaps more than could be said about the more northern herring-chokers and witch-burners whose preoccupation with theology and business has done so much to distort the picture of colonial customs and of our national forefathers.

FOG OVER SAN FRANCISCO

by MONTGOMERY BLACK

EVERY night during the summer and autumn seasons fog, which all day has hung in great banks beyond the Farallones, comes rolling through the Golden Gate, past Twin Peaks, engulfing the city and then sweeping out over the Bay toward Oakland, Berkeley, and the other East Bay communities. It is beautiful to aliens to whom it is a new experience, but true San Franciscans are no more aware of this strange moist beauty than they are of the cold fog that enshrouds San Francisco's literary life.

Time was when the city possessed a virile literary culture. Walk up Market Street and stop the first old man with a Native Son look and the odds are heavy that he has panned gold with Bret Harte, roughed it with Mark Twain, got plastered with Ambrose Bierce, fished with Jack London and planted trees in the Berkeley Hills with Joaquin Miller. He will surely be able to tell you all the details of Bierce's mysterious disappearance.

He is safe, for these giants of another day are dead, and therefore defenseless. But ask him how literary San Francisco fares now and he will stare. The question is ridiculous, or it becomes so under his contempt. Nevertheless, San Francisco today is as barren of young literary talent (to say nothing of genius) as the worked-over tailings of a gold mine after a Chinese has finished his labors.

Nothing better exemplifies this decline and fall than the Bohemian Club, the city's renowned fountainhead of culture, art, letters, and music. Once the haunt of men who were Bohemians in the sense that the true Bohemian is a creative artist, the Club has undergone the same metamorphosis that has characterized the city; it is, in fact, easy to believe that the Club is somewhat responsible for San Francisco's literary deflation—for the fountainhead has run dry.

Its membership is chiefly composed of old men cut from an identical pattern—bloated capitalists, red-nosed, broken gents whose flirtations with the fleshpots time has soured, the third and fourth generations of Native Sons, the barons of Montgomery Street (Wall Street's western terminus), and big-bellied plutocrats whose love of literature begins with moans about their capital losses, and whose knowledge of it ends with gloom about the economic storm. Until July —when the wrecking of the old clubhouse began, to make way for a more expensive temple of art—these wayfarers on Bohemia's sea-coast came here daily for lunch to talk profoundly about money, liquor, and women—for whom the bars of this stag Elysium have been lowered but twice. If Bohemianism is properly the yeast of creation, the measure of literary San Francisco is to be found in the meretricious Bohemianism practised by these art lovers. Perhaps the realization of this, and of the decay of culture generally in the city that he most loved, caused George Sterling to choose this lush monument to art as a good place in which to kill himself.

There are, of course, authors in San Francisco. Gertrude Atherton still arrives at meetings of the Art Commission in a flurry of feathers, and her "Adventures of a Novelist" was more than a nine days' cocktail-hour wonder: chiefly, however, because it related with amiable candor such incidents as the arrival home of her husband's body in a barrel of rum and Ambrose Bierce's attempt to kiss her by a pigsty. Charles G. Norris wears magnificently hued shirts at public functions and continues to confect novels with one word titles. His attractive wife, Kathleen, still vends with profit sweetness and light. Charles Caldwell Dobie writes innocuous stuff for Hearst. Peter B. Kyne, author of such beefy out-of-doors *opera* as the Cappy Ricks saga, has lately taken to the air, on a program dedicated to the greater consumption of coffee. Julian Hawthorne, son of the great Nathaniel—a link with a past that outshines even San Francisco's—is living out his day there in quiet obscurity.

If San Francisco had the colossal conceit of Los Angeles in setting its city limits, it might claim such writers as Charles Erskine Scott Wood and his wife, Sara Bard Fields, who live down the peninsula in Los Gatos; perhaps even Robinson Jeffers and Lincoln Steffens (along with a host of lesser luminaries) a hundred and twenty miles south, in the colony at Carmel. But patrician San Francisco is as proud of its small area as plebeian Los Angeles is boastful of its sprawling expanse, so it claims nothing south of the San Mateo county line. Look, therefore, wherever you will among San Francisco's hills and you will find

(Continued on Page 4, Col. 1)

THE GREAT AMERICAN FLEET IN THE MEDITERRANEAN

NEVER SO INEXPENSIVE

26 De Luxe MEDITERRANEAN Cruises Annually to

SPAIN • FRANCE • ITALY
EGYPT • PALESTINE • SYRIA

43 DAYS ROUND TRIP $460

NEW Turbine Liners (16,000 Tons Displ.)

Excalibur, Sept. 5 — Excambion, Oct. 3
Exeter, Sept. 19 — Exochorda, Oct. 17
and fortnightly thereafter

GIBRALTAR, PALMA, MARSEILLES, NAPLES, BARCELONA, via Palma, $160 $165

And Without Change of Ship to ALEXANDRIA, JAFFA, HAIFA, or BEIRUT, $230

First class only, no second or third — all roomy amidship outside staterooms, modern beds, hot and cold running water, mostly private baths, many with semi-private verandas, laundry service, electric galley—excellent cuisine, a la carte, no additional charge. Country club veranda overlooking bow — especially large promenades · Stopover privileges without extra charge

Ask your travel agent about our direct, exclusive, first-class service to Rome and the Holy Land.

Vagabond Cruises 60-90 Days
less than $5 a Day by large freighters
Greece, Turkey, Roumania, France, Italy, Morocco, Algeria, Tunisia

AMERICAN EXPORT LINES
25 Broadway, N. Y. 9th Floor Telephone Digby 4-2460

FIRST CLASS ONLY NO SECOND NO THIRD

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FOG OVER SAN FRANCISCO

(Continued from Page 3, Col. 4)

nothing of promising literary stature, nothing of fulfillment to come. The authors it claims are mainly old; there are no young ones.

The most obvious reason for this appalling lack is to be found in the state of San Francisco's publications. There is no adequate outlet for talent, nothing to stimulate or encourage the creation of a native literature.

San Francisco has four daily newspapers—the *Examiner* and the *Call-Bulletin*, Hearst organs; the Scripps-Howard *News*, and the *Chronicle*, home-owned and fusty. Once the *Examiner* had in its stable names as big as Bierce's, but today it offers little more than plugs. All four papers are of a piece in that they hawk little but politics, sex, and crime. The visiting man of letters, of whatever stature, who gets more than a stickful inside is the exception. Shaw was front page stuff only because the reporters (one of whom hid in Shaw's bathroom) went aboard to interview Shaw the clown, rather than Shaw the artist.

There are two weeklies and one monthly in San Francisco of past, but not present, literary importance. *Sunset*, the monthly, formerly wore a distinguished fictional dress; it now purveys garden-making and plant culture. Edited by women who were imported from an eastern garden publication, it looks like an Iowa seed catalogue, and is called by the less reverent the "how-to sheet"—how to plant this, how to fertilize that.

The two weeklies, if less horticulturally dreary, are still no more than pale ghosts of their early selves. *The Argonaut* was launched in 1877 and cut a clean swath through the life and times of California; it was the early proving ground for some of the most notable names in American letters. Mrs. Atherton engagingly relates in her "Adventures" how her first novel was published in this weekly as a serial (also the magazine's first), under an assumed name. Today, *The Argonaut* is a loud if harmless defender of vested interests and reaction and a band-wagon rider It supported Hoover in the last campaign but has been plumping for Roosevelt ever since.

The Wasp-News Letter is the descendant in name only of two once-important periodicals. It is a sloppily edited catch-all for poor exposition, windy rhetoric, and horrible verse.

San Francisco is proud of being one of the few "white spots" of the business depression. From a literary standpoint it has been a "white spot" for a much longer time; but the whiteness is tubercular, even leprous. The great days of literary San Francisco passed with the roaring Barbary Coast. Whether or not the two had any connection is something for ethnologists, critics, and historians to ponder. Certainly the city has more professional past-recallers and pointers-with-pride per square mile than any other American metropolis—and they still hold fast to the delusion that San Francisco is full of the stuff of literary genius.

The truth is, however, that they sadly confuse the magnificent natural bounty of mountains, ocean, Golden Gate and Bay with artistic creation. Natural beauty is as lavish as ever, but a distinguished literary past has declined into an innocuous present. San Francisco is an old man mumbling into his beard of how good he is, as he dreams through nights of white fog and golden days. Finally, San Francisco likes to believe that life near the Golden Gate is characterized by one, and the only fitting, word —charm, and that much of this charm is literary. What San Francisco really is in a literary sense has little to do with charm; it, like life in San Francisco as the Native Sons view it, could be described in one word, but it would not look well in print.

The Editors suggest that, as kidnapping is now one of our major industries, the newspapers should learn to spell the word correctly, and then substitute "abduct" whenever the victim is an adult.

WHY I CHANGED

by JAMES H. R. CROMWELL

FROM what and from whom? From a so-called millionaire play-boy, a complete materialist and an unconscious reactionary, to a conscious liberal with a keen desire for knowledge and service. And now—from whom? A scion of wealth and rock-ribbed conservatism; a fair living speciman of the product turned out by American plutocracy, sometimes called aristocracy.

French and English governesses, Fay School, Lawrenceville and the University of Pennsylvania, interspersed with expensive tutors who were supposed to cram knowledge into an unwilling head. From a sophomore at college into the War—a ghastly lark with no conception of what it was all about—then marriage to an immensely rich girl. More and more money, yachts, racing speed-boats, private cars, luxurious apartments and country places—New York, Philadelphia, Detroit, Newport and Palm Beach—high and low society all over the world.

Business is the ultimate niche in life of most of the sons of plutocracy. Learn business and make money: the yardstick of success and achievement in a nation then prostrate before the altar of the golden calf. What could be more natural to a boy brought up in an atmosphere of intense personal industry than to follow in the footsteps of an admired parent? It was more than obvious to me that one had to be a successful business man to gain admittance into America's aristocracy of achievement—and that meant making money.

I entered the Wharton School of Finance and Commerce at the University of Pennsylvania to learn the latest and best methods of making money. Irresponsibility seems to have been the predominant feature of my entire school and college education; I was a young American, this was America—the land of individual opportunity—a fat and juicy pie from which I was to carve myself as large a slice as possible.

My gold spoon was diamond encrusted. I commenced my business career in the sanctum sanctorum of big business—Drexel & Company, the Philadelphia affiliate of the House of Morgan—under the watchful eye of Edward T. Stotesbury, my step-father, the head of the firm. According to Morgan tradition, a partner's son who starts at the bottom and who works hard and displays ordinary intelligence is sure to become a member of the firm. It was fabulous; my step-father and my father-in-law dealt in millions; mere hundreds of thousands did not enter into their calculations—nor into mine.

It was too fabulous. I grew weary of being a clerk and counting nickels and dimes. I wanted to deal in millions like my two idols. I wanted to go into business for myself. I wanted to be my own boss—and make millions.

"You have too much money and not enough experience," warned my step-father. "Somebody else will get the money and you'll get the experience." But he was old and I was young.

And then suddenly my friend and father-in-law, Horace E. Dodge, died, and the great Dodge Brothers' Company, in which my wife inherited a quarter interest, was left a ship without a captain on a troubled sea.

I left Drexel & Company and went into business for myself. Somebody in the family had to watch this great treasure ship, and so I started a company to finance part of the retail sales of Dodge Brothers' automobiles. The little finance enterprise grew like the bean-stalk of Jack the Giant Killer; within three short years its turn-over was thirty million dollars. Already I was dealing in millions and had joined the aristocracy of achievement!

But the ship without a pilot was not faring so well. The management was retrogressive and busy playing politics with the two widows of the deceased founders. The Company had to be sold; I knew that well enough, but when one widow wanted to sell, the other one didn't. There followed several years of anxiety and acrimonious differences with the management and then, at last, success. After months of negotiations, both the Dodge widows were persuaded to sell, and Dodge Brothers was finally sold for one-hundred and sixty million dollars in cash; the biggest cash deal ever put over in Wall Street!

And now there was no longer anything to watch, so I sold my finance business at a large profit, certain that I was the darling of the Gods, and why not? I had dealt in countless millions; I seemed to be floating on a veritable sea of gold; and I was only twenty-seven years old. I was as conceited as Alexander and, like him, craved new worlds to conquer.

II

Then came the deluge. A very dry and sandy deluge, however, in the guise of the Florida land boom of 1925. With my family and family-in-law I was inveigled into becoming a large-scale land-developer and, by New Year 1926, I appeared as President of the American-British Improvement Corporation, a company intended to create a profitable city called "Floranada" on 3,600 acres of Florida grass, trees, sand and shrubs.

Floranada was foredoomed to failure despite my desperate efforts to defeat the inevitable; the land-bubble vanished into thin air as inexplicably as it had appeared, and the President of the highly touted American-British Improvement Corporation was compelled to dine on crow and throw his Company into voluntary bankruptcy. My entire personal fortune and millions invested by my family disappeared in the crash. That was bad enough but I soon found that my troubles were just beginning.

The routine report in the financial columns of the failure of Floranada, one of the minor Florida developments, suddenly became a front-page howler embellished with cartoons, photographs, sensational accusations and innumerable wise-cracks. I learned, to my great surprise, that Floranada was a Social Empire, not a profit-seeking business enterprise, and that I was a millionaire play-boy, not an over-ambitious young business man seriously chasing dollars. I learned some cold, hard facts about "friends", and how much more dangerous they can be than enemies. I learned about failure, humiliation and ridicule.

I discovered that a diamond encrusted golden spoon can become an instrument of torture—when it stirs the bitter tea of failure—for I was soon initiated into the fine art of legal blackmail as practised in these United States. Within a few years, because I was a rich man's son, I found myself the defendant in twelve dubious law-suits aggregating a total of some four and one-half million dollars. I was given the unenviable choice of settling exorbitant and absurd claims or having my reputation ruined by accusations of fraud and misrepresentation which, I was warned, would be published on the front pages of the press.

The warning came true. Forthwith I proceeded to take a most expensive, useless and destructive course in American jurisprudence and I graduated, without honors, from the American school of journalism. Being bogus cases, my various law-suits were thrown out of court one after another as the weary years rolled by. Vindications, however, are not "news". My vindications did not rate even a back-page squib in the papers which had featured the accusations against me. I naturally began to believe that the administration of justice in my country was a racket.

III

And so, by 1928, the would-be Alexander of finance, who only two years before had reached the heights of fortune and success, was scraping the bottom of ruin and failure. When the Arabian Nights year of 1929 was making millionaires out of boot-blacks, I had lost my reputation, my wife, my child, my home and my fortune and was skating on the thin edge of personal bankruptcy. All I had left was my mother.

My multitudinous law-suits made it impossible for me to engage in any constructive business and I was compelled to assume and endure my new rôle of a pampered play-boy. This new rôle, however, gave me plenty of time to think, and after years of seemingly endless days and nights, the realization began to dawn that there were other things in life besides making money.

Before the great collapse of 1929 my own bitter experiences had convinced me that there were a lot of things wrong with my country and with the world in general, but when starvation, misery and unemployment commenced to reign supreme in this land of plenty, I began to wonder if *anything* was right. I determined to try and find out what it was all about. Eventually, from the knowledge acquired as a result of this determination, was born my little book on political economics, "The Voice of Young America," which so shocked many of my friends of my other and earlier days.

And so—from the ashes of defeat, humiliation, injustice and anguish—slowly grew a new comprehension of life and a new yardstick with which to measure its values. I began to feel a new sympathy for the troubles of other people, a new tolerance toward my fellow men, and a growing sense of responsibility to those less fortunate than I. In short, it's just the same old story; the desire for service, the desire to ease the burdens of other men, came because I myself had lain with trouble. That is why I changed.

Emil Ludwig

WHAT EVER BECAME OF THE BALKANS?

by JOEL SAYRE

IT is now obvious that the Balkans are washed up. No good blinking facts and saying they've been through all this before and are bound to come back strong. They're washed up, I tell you. Not only have they not hit what is known as the Front Page (I mean really socked it) for years, but this season the New Deal, Hitler, the Sino-Japanese War, the Mahatma, Repeal, the Senate's High School Midget & Banker Show, the World Etcetera Conference and a few small-bore murders had them crowded clear out of the league long before the Fourth of July.

What I miss most is the names I admit that laughing at what seems a funny name, especially if the name be a foreign name, is probably the lowest form of laughter there is, akin to shrieking when the comedian in a musical comedy calls the Russian nobleman Ivan Awfulitch. I can't help it: it makes it somehow different when what seems a funny name appears in the *Times*, becomes a piece of history. Every time I saw the name of Svetozar Pribitchivitch (sometimes spelled Pribitchovitch), leader of the Dissident Serbs, in print I thought it was funny; whenever goings-on in the town of Split, Jugoslavia, heated the cables and Split headed a date-line, my day was made; and when Premier Dr. Milan Sershkich used to dissolve the Skuptchina it would stretch me out in the aisle.

I was moping around a newspaper office then and had it fixed with the boys on the cable desk to spot for me any novel nomenclature that came their way. There used to be dandy studies in Balkan lowdown in the *Nation*, too, with the name an' numbah of each an every playah. Zog I, King of All the Albanians, was among my early favorites, I remember, and Nicholas Titulescu, the Roumanian Foreign Minister, was another and so was a certain N. Mouchanoff, who seemed to be head man in Bulgaria.

But besides these there were some really *recherché* monikers that bulked large in Balkan current events from time to time, monikers like George Prohaska, Father Zavradetz and Kolomann von Kanya. And there was generally a Windischgrätz up to no good somewhere. I also enjoyed the Balkan word for what was apparently a state or county, which was *banat*. It had a pleasant, slightly screwy sound; and while listening in the line of duty to some absurd political orator or after-dinner speaker I found it relaxed the reflexes to say it softly aloud in the plural: "Banats, banats, banats, banats."

II

What wonderful squabbles they used to have in the Balkans! Everybody was always sore. The Serbs would be sore at the Croats. The Croats would be sore at the Slovenes. The Slovenes would be sore at the Serbs and the Croats. As for the Bosnians they would be sore at the Serbs and the Croats *and* the Slovenes.

Whenever things got dull (which was never), Svetozar Pribitchivitch, ace wit and greatest ribber of his time, could be counted on to drive the Croats crazy by saying behind his hand around all the saloons that King Alexander was thinking of amputating them. Back in 1930 the original thirty-three banats (exclusive of Greater Belgrade) were gerrymandered into nine banats. That's what the Croats accused him of, anyway, and it burned them plenty. Amputation talk made them foam. As a matter of actual fact, King Alexander didn't want to amputate them at all. They kept yelling for "autonomy within a Jugoslav federation" and when he would pin them down and ask for God's sake what that was, they would say it was "a kind of Pan-Slav Serbism."

As he couldn't seem to get the twist of what a kind of Pan-Slav Serbism was, either, he never took any strong action regarding them one way or another. But he certainly didn't want to amputate them. Svetozar used to start those whispering campaigns out of sheer orneriness just for the sake of a good rib. It was really a pretty dirty trick. But how it would get those Croats foaming!

What made King Alexander sore, of course, was that the Pribitchivitchs aren't Croats at all but Serbs, and Dissident Serbs at that.

Then I recall a crowd of fellows always referred to in the dispatches as "the Dalmatian hotheads." It was never clear to me what they were sore about, but sore they surely were, and what's more they were always leaping out of the hills and raising hell, usually pretty late on Sunday nights. They would descend on a town like Ossek or Ljubljana and mass up in the public square or wherever the Venetian lions were. There would be speeches and a few of the rasher hotheads would pencil moustaches and other insulting things on the lions. Some more speeches, and then they would lumber back to the Dalmatians. It never said so in the dispatches, but I always imagined that the pockets of these Dalmatian hotheads were filled with dissevered human ears, many with earrings still in the lobes.

It would hardly seem like a thing to get sore at, the scrawling of moustaches and whatnot on some old stone lions, but these scrawlings would make everybody in Ossek or Ljubljana sore. And what was worse, Mussolini would get sore, too. You must remember that Ossek and Ljubljana once belonged to Venice (which is why the whole section is loused up with stone lions), and that Venice now belongs to Mussolini. Hence, Mussolini wants them back.

So he used to get good and sore.

Mussolini was always getting sore at the Balkans and *vice versa*. I'll never forget the time there were the trial balloons. Musso is minding his own business, trying to make a buck, and he puts over a series of tieups with King Zog. What does Jugoslavia do at that but *charge an attempt to form an Italo-Albanian customs union!*

Rubbish, of course, since Albania doesn't have any customs to speak of except an occasional sheep, not to mention no railways and few roads. (An excellent and regular air service has been established, however). The whole incident from the Jugoslavian standpoint was nothing more nor less than a trial balloon. Mussolini, not to be outdone, sent up a trial balloon himself and then, naturally, Zog had to send up *his* trial balloon. This got the Macedonians so sore that they closed the Bulgar-Jugoslav frontier even to the people who worked there, and before anyone could stop them they had sent up four trial balloons.

As you may well imagine, all the adjoining nations got sore at these trial balloons. Up north the tip went around that a lot of Italian cannons had been rolled into Budapest and were to be handed over to the Hungarian army. It turned out that these were really camions, but before things could get straightened out everybody was sore. Somebody said that if the camions weren't cannons, they might very well have been.

I forget what happened in other directions, but the sky got very dark. The Germans sent up Hitler as a trial balloon.

By this time the Little Entente (went over the top, parlay voo) was just about out of its mind and in panic *hastily set up a permanent secretariat at Geneva!* Anybody with any sense would have known how sore that would make the Hungarians. Boy, oh, boy! And to get hunk whom do you suppose they put in as Foreign Minister? Whom but Kolomann von Kanya! As you doubtless recall, it was Koloman who, as head of the Old Monarchy's traffic department, made all the front pages in 1912 when he alleged that a man named George Prohaska, the Austro-Hungarian Consul at Prizren, had moustaches and other insulting things scrawled over him by local Serbs. And were those Serbs sore! The Wheys were sore, too, sore as berls. I was kind of sore myself.

And all because King Zog and Mussolini started to swap a few sheep.

But all these splendid snarls happened long ago. You don't see a line on the Balkans any more anywhere. It makes me feel terrible.

SERVANTS OF GOD

No. 15

From the Cleveland, Ohio, Plain Dealer:

LOUISVILLE, KY. (AP)—Rev. Monta M. McFarland, 45, enlistment secretary for the promotion department of the Baptist State Board of Missions, and Rev. Vivian H. Durbin, 45, deacon in the West Broadway Baptist Church, were charged with malicious cutting today after a fight with a butcher knife on a downtown corner.

We Meet on Common Ground

A MAN away from home on business is interested in restful sleep, good food, attentive service, and facilitation of his business so he can get home as soon as possible.

We meet such men on common ground, for it has been our privilege for more than two generations to provide tired men of affairs with cheerful rooms and soft beds; to set as excellent a table as the country affords; and to attend with courtesy to the slightest wish of every guest. As for expediting one's affairs, the Parker House is in the heart of Boston's business section.

Plenty of single rooms, with bath and circulating ice water, at $3

Glenwood J. Sherrard
President and Managing Director

Parker House
TREMONT AND SCHOOL STREETS
BOSTON

Into the new... the unknown

AROUND THE WORLD
IN THE
FRANCONIA
WITH HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON

"Ghost ships of Magellan's fleet..."

Only this Franconia world cruise takes you to the South Sea Isles and the whole momentous and entrancing world of the Southern Pacific and the Indian Oceans... to Tahiti and Rarotonga, Samoa, Viti Levu in the Fiji Islands... to the very antipodes of the earth: New Zealand and Australia . . . to Papua in New Guinea and Kalabahai on almost unknown Alor Island. She includes such favorite world-cruise features as Bali and Java, Singapore, Penang, Ceylon, South India . . . and places even more rare: the paradise of Mahe in the Seychelles... Madagascar and the populous, polycolored East Coast of Africa . . . South Africa . . . South America!

"The rice fields of Java..."

At this year's rates this unique opportunity demands your consideration. The five-months cruise New York to New York costs but $1,200 up without shore excursions, $1,700 up including them. (Passengers joining the cruise on the Pacific Coast receive a rebate of $100—$125). Compare that with what you spend in just an ordinary winter-and-spring at home!

Franconia sails from New York Jan. 9th from Los Angeles Jan. 24th

It is fitting that Hendrik Willem van Loon accompany such a cruise... his witty, learned talks on board will emphasize its deep significance, widen its scope. Fitting, too, that the ship is the Franconia. Already a leader among world-cruising liners, the Franconia will be completely reconditioned... will sail on her great adventure resplendent and even more luxurious than heretofore.

"Islands arise, grow old and disappear..."

Send for the extraordinary 80-page booklet "A Voyage of Re-Discovery". Besides all the facts of the Franconia's unique voyage, it includes Mr. van Loon's drolly illustrated and very personal story of this world cruise. For your copy address your local agent or

CUNARD LINE
25 Broadway, New York

THOS. COOK & SON
587 Fifth Avenue, New York

"This is one of the few things I have discovered in thirty years devoted to a study of the past as revealed in the present and of the present as explained by the past: that in order to get the right point of view one must do the right perspective. And one does not get it by sitting with one's nose glued to the object under observation. You may well argue that the contemplation of self-government as practiced among the natives of New Guinea or in the strange democratic commonwealth of Australia will hardly teach us how to do things in Washington. Of course not. But we will better understand ourselves and our problems if we contemplate our achievements against a background of other habits and other customs.
That this trip happens to lead through one of the loveliest parts of the world is a most agreeable detail, but if it merely made the circuit of the Poles, I would still be on board the ship."

Hendrik Willem van Loon

ITINERARY
Jamaica* Panama
Los Angeles
Hawaiian Islands
South Sea Islands
(Tahiti*, Rarotonga*, Apia*, Suva*)
New Zealand* Australia*
New Guinea*
Dutch East Indies
(Kalabahai*, Bali, Java)
Straits Settlements and Malaya
(Singapore, Penang)
India Ceylon Seychelles*
East Africa
(Mombasa*, Zanzibar*)
Madagascar*
South Africa (Cape Town*, Durban*, Port Elizabeth*)
South America
(Montevideo*, Buenos Aires, Santos*, Rio de Janeiro*)
Barbados*
*Franconia is the only world cruise to call here.

Franconia ONLY WORLD CRUISE TO THE SOUTH SEAS AND SOUTHERN HEMISPHERE

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MOTION PICTURE ADVERTISING

by ERIC HOWARD

IN their desperate attempt to lure the public into the elaborate, expensive and now largely unfrequented temples of cinema art, the motion picture producers have resorted to advertising that borrows the language and the technique of the side-show spieler and the Coney Island barker. In every important newspaper, in every city of any size, throughout America, this advertising occupies a place of prominence, compelling attention. Exaggerated, misleading, untruthful, illustrated with photographs or drawings of semi-nude women in seductive poses, it is calculated to make an appeal to children and to morons. By the same token, it may be that it is serving to keep intelligent amusement-seekers out of the movie theatres.

If any other business or industry made use of the same advertising methods, it would be jumped immediately by the Better Business Bureaus (which haven't been able to make business better) and the advertising clubs. Manufacturers of soaps and beauty preparations, with their questionable "endorsements" by society women and film stars, have gone far in their attempt to extract dimes from the now almost empty public purse; but their advertising is mild, restrained and in good taste as compared with the published and paid-for blurbs of the film producers.

It doesn't take a psychologist to tell you that when a man's product is inferior he will most loudly proclaim its merits. The patent medicine vendor shouts the virtues of his cure-all; the reputable physician is silent.

Consider a few of the bits of ballyhoo that have been used in recent motion picture advertising. If you have seen any of the pictures mentioned, you will realize at once how exaggerated, far-fetched and dishonest such advertising is. Evidently the saintly Will Hays, who is chief supervisor of morals for the film industry, does not function as a critic of advertising.

Motion picture producers have a low opinion of public intelligence. Most of the pictures they make are designed to entertain those who are suffering from arrested development. Their advertising, repetitious, boastful and couched in superlatives, appeals, if at all, to the same class. The influence of the films is pernicious enough, but that of film advertising is even worse; for it numbs the critical faculties, bludgeons the feeble-minded into accepting tawdry stuff as works of art, and proclaims universally the greatness of the cheap and the trashy. It is inescapable. Like the propaganda of the Soviets among the Russian people, it makes its point by constant reiteration. The thought-patterns of a large part of a nation are thus formed. As we learned in the war, anything that is repeated often enough and loudly enough will be believed.

As purchasers of advertising space, motion picture producers are in a position to demand that newspaper reviews be favorable. No newspaper will employ a reviewer, however astute, who does not show a decent respect for the advertisers. Sometimes an honest, intelligent man or woman becomes a motion picture critic and tries to tell the public what it may expect of new pictures. The reviews are often published on the same pages as the advertising—and what a disparity of opinion is then revealed! But, at best, the newspaper reviewer can only damn a poor picture with faint praise, while the advertising proclaims its greatness in superlatives that become ridiculous. Magazine reviewers are somewhat more independent, and in the magazines one often finds "the greatest spectacle of all time" ("of all time" and "of all the ages" are phrases dear to the hearts of those who write motion picture advertising) referred to as a dreary, tedious clan.

II

Following are a few choice morsels from recent motion picture advertisements. You can cull your own examples from your favorite newspaper.

"A picture God-marked with the sign of greatness." (Referring to "The Conquerors," an "epic" starring Ann Harding and Richard Dix. This bit of blasphemy was allowed to be published throughout the land, and we are thus impressed with the fact that Jehovah blesses the products of the film canneries.)

"*It Sets The Pace for 1933!* Mystic charm of the Orient . . . stealing like perfume over your senses . . . the drug of love mixed with the mystery of the East. Soft voices . . . then the thunderclap of drama. Lovers caught in a strange, death-dealing conflict! Together! America's most distinguished actress . . . and the popular idol of romance." (If you haven't guessed the identity of "America's most distinguished actress," you are entitled to five tries. What? Give it up? Helen Hayes! And the popular idol of romance is none other than Ramon Novarro. The picture is "Son-Daughter." Miss Hayes, of course, is a competent actress, of more than average intelligence; but probably not even her best friend would tell her that she is America's *most* distinguished actress. And certainly such a piece of hokum as this Oriental flub-dub gives her no opportunity to display her histrionic talent.)

"Give me a job—at any price!" begs Loretta Young of Warren William, in an advertisement for "Employees' Entrance," an opus of department store life. This, we are told, is "the cry of a million heart-sick girls waiting in line at employees' entrances." Thus the producers capitalize the depression and the subject of job-hunting, but in their usual manner, with sexual embellishments. Another advertisement for the same picture informs us that "girls you couldn't touch with a 100-foot yacht are ready to barter their kisses for a $10 job!"

"Luxury Liner" promises the believer in advertising "six days of Hell, Six Nights of Paradise—a tangle of lives . . . a maelstrom of emotions when the sexes went to sea on 'Luxury Liner'—Hellbound with its human cargo."

Cecil B. De Mille's "The Sign Of The Cross," we are assured, is "the picture which will proudly *lead all the entertainments the world has ever seen.*" In another advertisement the same picture is mentioned as "the epic of all the ages." (Shades of Homer and Virgil!)

"Grand Hotel" was proclaimed "the colossal screen entertainment . . . *that greatest picture of all time.*" (Well, if you've seen it, you need never go to a picture theatre again, for you've seen the greatest of all time, past, present and future.)

But one of the advertisements for the ineffable Greta Garbo in "Mata Hari" is probably the best example of the newer poetry. Consider this delectable sentence: "Mata Hari . . . The siren with the serpent's soul who brought to war-mad Europe dances of erotic ecstasy learned as an Eastern temple girl on Brahmin mystic altars to delight jaded rajahs from the Ganges."

Another shot in the arm and the copy-writer added this: "Her perfumed Oriental languor seared the senses, blotting out vows to God and country for those who worshipped at the shrine of love's high priestess." And then we are told that "Mata Hari is "without parallel in theatre history," that Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has given "Garbo *the peerless cast of all time*" and that we shall see "exotic costumes in sybaritic settings of rarest splendor." (If you saw "Mata Hari," you will know that it was a cheap, meretricious melodrama, as ineffective as it was unauthentic, and that "the peerless cast of all time" walked through their parts like so many automatons.)

Have you seen "A Farewell To Arms"? Then congratulate yourself, for you have seen "the most tumultuous, passionate romance yet written or screened."

"Daring! Dietrich the wife and mother! The very thought is daring!" (Why, one wonders, when Frau Marlene *is* a wife and a mother.) "Dietrich, exotic—glamourous . . , the mother who goes into the pit of hell for her boy! *Scarlet!* No other personality can give such beauty, dignity, pity-quickening allure to the scarlet letter. . . . . You love—understand—forgive her. . . ." (Thus did the producers attempt to put over the Dietrich dud, "Blonde Venus.")

"*Stunning! Glorious!* She fought for love and lost. From the shadows of the half-world to the glitter of the Great White Way she lived! America's most ravishing star in her greatest dramatic role!" (Can there be any doubt of her identity? Constance Bennett, the Marquise de la Falaise, herself, in "Rockabye.")

"Joan the glamourous [they love that one, too] in a rôle as fiery as the tropical sun!" (Joan Crawford in "Rain.")

"*Truly* the Picture of the Generation!" (Thus is that mighty epic, "Calvacade," announced.))

"Come! Let us drink deep from the cup of life and love! Let us give ourselves freely and unafraid . . . tomorrow may never dawn, but forever and ever—'Tonight Is Ours.'" (A lyrical invitation to the picture of that name, to witness the love-mugging of Claudette Colbert and Fredric March.)

Evidently the gentlemen responsible for the advertising of "Cavalcade" were not altogether pleased with their first efforts. At first it was merely "the Picture of the Generation." Spurred on by their own divine discontent or perhaps influenced by the descriptions of De Mille's masterpiece, "The Sign Of The Cross," they labored and brought forth these sonorous phrases: "Most Magnificent Picture of the Age. The Screen's Supreme Spectacle. Thrilling with its Dynamic Drama. Exalting in its Breathless Romance. . . . To miss this greatest epic of picturedom is to miss the event of a *Lifetime!*" (Of a *Lifetime,* ladies and gentlemen! Can you bear to miss it?)

"*A Picture You Will Never Forget!*" (An old phrase in this business; here used to describe "20,000 Years in Sing Sing," but it might have been applied to any other mentioned in this article.)

III

Strange as it may seem, the men and women who write the copy for these advertisements actually work at it. They might just as well have rubber stamps made of all their favorite phrases and most alluring superlatives. They could then prepare their copy quickly and easily by seizing a half-dozen of the nearest rubber stamps and applying them beside the pictures of the "most ravishing," "most distinguished" or "most glamourous" of the stars. Thus they would save themselves labor and worry, and perhaps one man, with a good set of rubber stamps, could do the work of one hundred and supply the copy for *all* motion picture advertising.

The next time you are tempted by the alluring pictures and phrases in the advertisements, read those phrases aloud, savor to the full their absurdity, utter a loud belly-laugh—and then stay at home and play mumbly-peg.

VOYAGER'S RETURN

by EVELYN SCOTT

LOWESTOFT, last winter, was a lovely place to pretend to belong to. There is no tourist reason for going there, and something democratic in East Anglians makes these blunt, unsubtle people (for whom Crabbe and Cottman are such forthright spokesmen) comprehensible to an American. Lowestoft smells of herring and ocean, and fishermen are not, usually, ambitious people. Even the expected word on Russia, when it comes from one of them, is not the opinion of a victim of capitalist industrialism. If a nautical-looking old chap, with a warty, weathered face, hunching himself comfortably against the bar in a pub, proclaims this or that as "Government's fault", he is, as a rule, having an unapologetic good time with his indignation. The crews of trawlers and smacks take orders from a captain, but he is distinguishable as different from themselves only technically. Because the fisherman combats the elements, and because his primitive resourcefulness before physical danger is never out of demand, his individuality is left to flower.

In Lowestoft, though Hunger Marchers advanced on London, and I was often moved, from afar, by the righteous wrath due my principles, the world which threatens to change its face at any instant seemed a long way off. It was not as distant as we liked to believe, for a poor season and the loss of a contract with Russia brought winter privation to many. And yet, even for those with lean bellies, things existed better than the world. We used to walk to Kessingland in the afternoon, and, picking a path over the sprawled meshes of the tarred nets, which, like leafless brambles, covered the sands, draw close enough to overhear conversation or exchange words with the kind of men who were in Yarmouth when Peggoty lived there, before the scenic railways and shooting galleries were put up on the beach.

There is so much room in East Anglia. No matter how many low-spreading oaks crouch on the downs, the landscape always looks bare, beautifully forgotten. In the sunny, so unEnglish stretches of sedgy marsh between Lowestoft and Norwich, the batlike wings of the dilapidated black and white windmills sometimes spin with a breeze, but always slowly. And English provincial capitals and market towns anywhere seem, at their worst, stodgy; at their best, cosy arrangements with nature which almost fulfill the beatitudes. The sordidness and the misery exist in little, but even poverty is, in a way, dignified, as it was in the Middle Ages. The beautiful cathedral of Norwich, with its solid interior structure, is sturdy as a plant with roots well in the earth. Even with religion out of fashion, and the Church apologetic, it belongs where it is.

Yet, however fond of England one becomes, it takes more than admiration for a true rapport. In England, stoicism strikes the key for the culture: brave endurance more valued than bold initiative. To the English, there is something vulgar and unmanly in protesting the personal grievance, and the "lower orders" themselves have to be educated out of what this last aristocratic aversion has forced on them. Only eyes of Americans flash self-complacently, as they boast their refusal to be "imposed upon."

Poor Americans! Imposed upon so often!

II

So it was good to think again of departure for the land in which, amidst friends, at least, you do as you like. When the stacks of trawlers, with all their sooty waftings, had vanished on that North Sea (which seems finer for its stern name) and the red sails of the smacks had made a last parting with the sunset, and the stunning platitude of suburban London had begun, so awfully, to impose itself upon the pretty distinction of fields seen from train windows, it was splendid to realize that we were homeward bound. As good, and better, than it had been to leave the milling streets of New York for the slaty majesty of the Atlantic, which obliterates everything save itself.

London accepts you with no fuss at all, but ignoringly, and without any compliment, either. And it was pleasant to walk Fleet Street or Oxford Street, or some other street, crowded with red buses and subdued hustlers, and say to myself: But I never belonged here, and I don't even have to try to! I needn't speak in understatements, or joke about everything personal, or consider reticence holy. I can be rude, open, earnest, and as strident as I like! I don't even have to regard appropriateness or form. I can do whatever I like as badly as I want to, in my own way. For, very shortly, I will have shaken off the weight of those values and importances significant for people reared under a feudal tutelage which has really impressed them, but of no account to me, though I was brought up under the tin-pot feudalism of the post-Civil-War South. Soon, the bourgeois English liberals, for whom Gladstone is the last man, will be forgotten and newer things remembered. And the same with the Tories: so ruthless, so romantic, and so naïve in their failure to grasp the fact that those unlike themselves have an equal and actual existence! And I won't be irritated by the young Oxford men who play checkers with their noble thoughts and believe in Marx and the mass, even as some other nobles who read Rousseau and digged their own graves, and never knew anything about the earth in a grave, having always imagined themselves as being buried with their ideals.

III

Then why, when we board the boat train at Waterloo, this feeling of a sober occasion? And why, as the carriage begins to roll, bearing us and our cosily spread breakfast tables, such wistful glances out on the dreariest spectacle of our age: the England of claptrap villas and great factory sites built up during the last fifty years? No uniformity in America is so unoriginal as that of English villadom; no dwellers in uniformity so uncertain of themselves as the British recently promoted to the middle class.

At Southampton, however, the wind is of the shivery sort, and the shudder it provokes is one of expectation as well as of chill. As the tender rocks on her way, how white the German boat stands on the sea, and how proudly she lifts on the softened skyline!

In America, land and water meet without greeting. They are a dramatic opposition, always apart from each other. But England was long ago married to water far more surely than Venice herself. Even the green about Southampton seems nourished by salt. And when, aboard ship, the mind reaches after an horizon, it turns, in pathetic moods, back again to England. Our pioneers jolted on, in their clumsy, canvas-hooded chariots, over dry trails. When they slept, they had guns on their knees. The British pioneers went with compasses to help their brass cannon, and followed, only a trifle behind Columbus and Vasco de Gama, the blue road round the world. And the end was Empire and the *Daily Mail* and the *Daily Express;* as, for us, Hollywood and William Randolph Hearst.

Such a little country, England. No wonder the English are exhausted and sentimental! For hasn't every English family, high-born or low, a son in the navy, a boy in training, a child who ran away and joined the merchant marine when he was fourteen years old? Whether you land at Plymouth, Southampton or Dover, when you dock it is England which sees you ashore and hoists your luggage, and it belongs with the water.

IV

But this is New York: the world's most glorious nightmare, where every office building is a lighthouse and the noise in her is made nothing. This is the place you remember at night, with stars in the harbor outnumbering those in the sky. Then the Brooklyn Bridge vaults quietly over the hooting and screeching below and links one dark rainbow with another, in the ugliest beautiful place on earth!

In the dock shed, the trucks bump, pound, stir the dust, and a hundred engines of motor cars chirrup and chirr. And the porters who shout, brawl and say, "Oh, yeah? Jeez, bo'! Get the hell outta dis!" have *New York,* like a scar, written on their faces. If they can cheat the foreigner who has been fool enough to come over, they feel it their due.

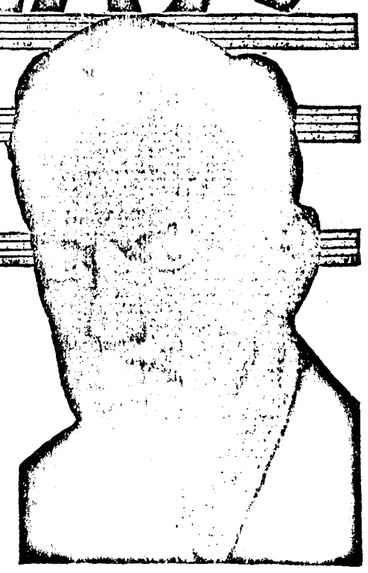
And, this year, we are still in the paw of the biggest and best depression! A depression bigger and better than Niagara, the Grand Canyon or the Empire State. Sometimes, among the unemployed who skulk bewilderedly about subway entrances, you will see a young man, a passable Hercules, who has hiked through the bright, astringent deserts of the West, over the snowy roads of Colorado, and through a blank tidal wave of scorched crops, which may be Kansas, and is still jobless. He has had shake-downs, hand-outs from farm women, lifts on the road, but this is the first time he has asked for money; he has a chill, crafty feeling, and can look at the strolling bourgeoisie almost as if they weren't human at all. At last, he doesn't give a damn how he gets his money, or whom it comes from; he's going to live!

Yes, England is full of the same kind, but with a class solidarity built on something older than the perusal of Marx. From the custom of regarding one's self, a worker, as different from the toff chap, comes another feeling and a different kind of pride. And what is each going to do?

NINE PLAYS

BY EUGENE O'NEILL

FREE— FOR YOUR LIBRARY



—to those who join the Book-of-the-Month Club at this time . . . it costs nothing to belong and you do not have to take a book every month

WE suggest that you send the coupon below to get full information as to what the Book-of-the-Month Club does for book-readers, and then decide once for all whether or not you want to join. Are you aware, for instance, *that as a member you are not obliged to take a book every month;* nor are you ever obliged to take the specific book-of-the-month chosen by the judges. You may buy it or not, as you please, after reading the judges' pre-publication report about it. *Nor do you have to pay any fixed sum to be a member of the Club.* You simply pay the regular retail price for such books as you decide to buy. What then is the advantage of joining?

There are many: first, book-dividends, for every dollar its members spend on books they receive back on the average over 50% in the form of free books. Second, without a penny of expense, through the reports of the judges you are kept completely informed about all the important new books, so that you can choose among them with discrimination, instead of having to rely upon ballyhoo and hearsay. There are several other advantages, not readily measurable in money, that cannot be outlined here for lack of space. Surely, within the next year, the distinguished judges of the Club will choose as the book-of-the-month or recommend as alternates, *at least a few books* that you will be very anxious to read and which you will buy anyway. Why not—by joining the Club—make sure you get these *instead of missing them, which so often happens;* get the really substantial advantages the Club affords (such as the book-dividends mentioned, if nothing else), and get a copy of NINE PLAYS, by Eugene O'Neill, free.

CONTENTS

MOURNING BECOMES ELECTRA

STRANGE INTERLUDE

THE EMPEROR JONES

MARCO MILLIONS

THE GREAT GOD BROWN

ALL GODS' CHILLUN GOT WINGS

LAZARUS LAUGHED

THE HAIRY APE

DESIRE UNDER THE ELMS

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB, INC. 658
386 FOURTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

PLEASE send me, without cost, a booklet outlining how the Book-of-the-Month Club operates. This request involves me in no obligation to subscribe to your service.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

Books shipped to Canadian members through Book-of-the-Month Club (Canada) Limited

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE NEW TYPOGRAPHER

by VREST ORTON

THE new typographer is an abortion. He is a parasite nourished on the host of incompetent printers. If printers were what they ought to be, there would be no use for him.

In the real sense, what is a typographer? If we examine the history of printing over several centuries, we find that a typographer is a printer. When our modern typographer replies, "only a printer?", it is because the poor fellow does not know what a printer is. He seems almost justified in his ignorance, for he would have to hunt a long time to find more than a dozen real printers in America. It is very likely that within a few years the human printer will be as rare as a dinosaur. Every day a new machine eliminates his right to live.

Before he has entirely vanished, I want to describe him. In the golden days when printing was in its flower, the printer was a great man. He was also a whole man. He was foremost in the culture of his time. He was respected by all. He was a careful workman, a skilled and competent craftsman, a true artist and a learned scholar . . . all without marveling at it. He used, actually, to read the manuscripts of the books he was about to print.

He knew as much about paper as the papermaker and a little more about how to use it. The making of ink was no mystery to him so he knew what he was doing when he used it on type. He enjoyed a knowledge of the history and technique of type-founding and type design. He set type in his shop, imposed it on the stone, locked it up, put it on the press, ran off the sheets, took and read proofs, folded the sheets . . . and sometimes bound them. This was all in the day's work. He had a deep sense of responsibility toward his work, and his reputation as a craftsman was of the utmost importance. He had taste and feeling. He brought to printing what Eric Gill calls exuberance.

When he had done his work and saw that it was good, it never occured to him that he was an artist, that is, something greater than a printer. It was an honor to be a good printer. He knew, to quote Gill again, "if you look after goodness and truth, beauty will take care of itself."

Sadly enough, that man is dead, and the qualities which made him good are also dead. There are thousands of plants and factories, large and small, where printing is being manufactured today, but in the whole country you can count the good printer on the fingers of your two hands. If you want to find a good printer whom you can trust to turn out a distinguished, honest and complete job of fine book-making, you will perhaps find their population scattered this way:

New England	4
New York City	2
The South	2
San Francisco	2
Elsewhere	0

Of course everyone knows that the reasons for this low state go back to nineteenth century when decency and independence made way for commercialism and speculation. The new rules made financial success and industrial efficiency the things to attain. The new industrial printer cut off the tails of letters to get more on the page, and speeded up production to get more work into one day, and formed associations of employers to fight the men who ran their machines. Printing, no longer a craft, became a business or an industry, run on a profit economy. There was nothing human about it. A printing shop became no more interesting than a plough factory. The sense of responsibility in the workman was replaced by the sense of cleverness in the machine-tender. Then was born the need of a new kind of man—the typographer—a man who could tell a printer how to print!

There was no question but that printing needed him. It actually seems that there was a concerted movement, positive in its objective, toward an attempt to do the worst kind of printing the world had ever seen. Printing by the end of the 1880's reached the bottom, and it had for company architecture, writing and the other arts. But as in literature, with the advent of Stephen Crane and few others, printing, as the twentieth century rolled in, experienced a counter-movement. We now call this our printing renaissance. It, too, was precipitated by a few men, Just three or four.

These men, having worked in shops with their hands using type, paper and presses, knew that printing, of all the arts, had never been improved upon, and that the first book printed with movable types some five centuries back was still the most beautiful book in the world. They knew that printing, like good painting or carving, was a matter of feeling and of men . . . not of machines and profits. They had feeling. Shocked at the losses printing had sustained in the last seventy-five years, it became their purpose to put back into printing the importance of men and men's feeling. In short to restore the qualities that the nineteenth century had taken away.

In a very small way they succeeded. That is, small in the number of printers they made whole. But infinitely large, of course, in the quality of the work done. These men are still at work, but their pioneering is over. They invented nothing. They only revived something good. By the new typographers they are now criticized for being traditional!

II

The new typographer. Yes, distinctly a new breed of creature. You will find him, for the most part, designing things for publishers and printers, and fitting in as part of the system. And at the outset he has accomplished a remarkable step; he has succeeded in separating by an astonishing gulf the typographer from the printer. The printer, in his opinion, is considerably lower on any scale than himself, so he never goes near one. A printer, to him, is a slave and no more than a part of those distant machines which, in some mysterious and clever fashion, do his bidding.

The new typographer sits in an office . . . a business office filled with all the gadgets of business. He sits there and draws pictures. Sometimes, I am told, he will take a brief glance at the first few pages of the book manuscript he is about to dignify by designing. But not often. He draws pictures, or lay-outs, and sends them to the printer whom he has selected after a stiff competitive price war.

The printer labors with batteries of machines which are pretty inhuman and can't think much and so are often unable to meet the demands of the new typographer who, never having been in a printing shop, thinks type is made of rubber. When the printer sends back the proofs to the business office, the new typographer is surprised to see the results, because the printer knows that type is made of lead and other metals. Then starts the jolly game of rushing proofs back and forth. It is impossible to imagine anything more remote than the understanding between the new typographer and the printer. The printer, poor soul, often appears to be getting radio instructions from Mars, and full of static at that. While the new typographer thinks all printers are knaves and jackasses.

One typographer I know, once boasted that the best typographer was one who had never even entered a printing plant. He himself had never, and God willing, would never. He said it was his job to design books and the printer's job to follow his designs and print them. Every man to his own job. This man represents the new typographer in his full stature.

Another typographer I know of got a job re-designing a magazine. He closeted himself in his office and went to work. Unlike most new typographers who like to tear down everything that has gone before, he did not feel he could tear down all at once. He was a careful man and would have made a good printer. Well, at the end of two and one half months he made his first connection with the printers of the magazine. *He got them to leave off the periods ending the captions at the head of articles.*

The new typographer is most versatile since he serves two masters: business and art. On Wednesday he gathers at luncheon (like a Rotarian) and makes plans for the more efficient commercial operation of printing plants and for more standardization in the industry. He also aids in drawing up a code of ethics to be printed and framed. On Thursday he attends another luncheon and discusses the work of other typographers. At a gathering of this kind it is remarkable to discover that typography is not an art, not even a business . . . but a Cause. One typographer is so deeply moved upon seeing a book designed in some fashion he does not care for, that he wants to come to blows to defend a fashion he does care for. Another typographer, getting to his feet to make a more formal criticism of another's book, becomes so affected with emotion that he trembles like a spinister at the Folies Bergère.

Some of the new typographers have social ambitions. They give teas and associate, as much as is permissible, with authors and artists. Never, however, are they Bohemian or Greenwich Village. They are always very suave and are said to don tails every night for dinner. When a graphic arts celebrity comes to town they are the eager greeters. As in the days of Jimmy Walker, it's good fun. They give exhibits and it is rumored that Park Avenue debs and dowagers are soon to have them in, as one now does an opera singer or an actress.

What a distance the new typographer has come since the days when a man soiled his hands with ink and type.

"Perhaps you will be interested to learn that I have just sold two more stories. One was to The Blue Book, and the other was sold to True Detective Mysteries. I feel quite encouraged, for I consider both these magazines a step in advance of the ones I have sold to formerly."—Darrell E. Jordan, P. O. Box 277, Friendship, N. Y.

What makes WRITING ability GROW?

For a number of years, the Newspaper Institute of America has been giving free Writing Aptitude Tests to men and women with literary ambitions.

Sometimes it seems half the people in America who are fired with the desire to write have taken advantage of this offer to measure their ability.

What the tests show

Up to date, no one that could be called a "born writer" has filled out our Writing Aptitude Test. We have not yet discovered a single individual miraculously endowed by nature with all the qualities that go to make up a successful author.

One aspirant has interesting ideas—and a dull, uninteresting style. Another has great creative imagination but is woefully weak on structure and technique. A third has a natural knack for stringing words together—yet lacks judgment and knowledge of human behavior. In each case, success can come only after the missing links have been forged in.

Here, then, is the principal reason why so many promising writers fail to go ahead. Their talent is one-sided—incomplete. It needs rounding out.

Learn to write by writing

Newspaper Institute training is based on journalism—continuous writing—the sort of training that turns out more successful writers than any other experience. Newspaper-trained writers are numbered not by dozens but by hundreds.

One advantage of our New York Copy-Desk Method is that it starts you writing and keeps you writing in your own home, on your own time. Week by week you receive actual assignments, just as if you were right at work on a great metropolitan daily.

All your writing is individually corrected and criticized by veteran New York newspaper men—editors who have had years of experience "breaking in" new writers. They will point out those faults of style, structure or viewpoint that keep you from progressing. At the same time, they will give you constructive suggestions for building up and developing your natural aptitudes.

In fact, so stimulating is this association that student members often begin to sell their work before they finish the course. We do not mean to insinuate that they sky-rocket into the "big money," or become prominent overnight. Most beginners are with earnings of $25, $50, $100, or more, for material that takes little time to write—stories, articles on business, fads, travels, sports, recipes, etc.—things that can easily be turned out in leisure hours, and often on the impulse of the moment.

For those who want to know

If you really want to know the truth about your writing ambitions, send for our interesting Writing Aptitude Test. This searching test of your native abilities is free—entirely without obligation. Fill in and send coupon. Newspaper Institute of America, 1776 Broadway, New York.

Newspaper Institute of America
1776 Broadway, New York

Send me, without cost or obligation, your Writing Aptitude Test and further information about writing for profit, as promised in The American Spectator, September.

Mr. / Mrs. / Miss .....

Address .....

(All correspondence confidential. No salesmen will call on you.)
6I433

A New Play requires Capital

About $8000 maximum required . . .

Investment returned before profit divided . . .

Leading film company already interested in purchasing picture rights . . .

Play ready to cast immediately . . .

September production . . .

Write Box 108

THE AMERICAN SPECTATOR
12 E. 41st Street, N. Y. C.

Rates and information concerning advertising in THE AMERICAN SPECTATOR may be obtained from the Advertising Manager, Miss Amy Vanderbilt, 12 East 41st Street, New York City. Tel.: LExington 2-0734.

Classified Advertising

Two Useful Bibliographies

McCutcheon Library Catalogue, Describes the Works of Dickens, Thackeray, Hardy, Stevenson and Kipling. 1318 Titles, with many Facsimiles, and the Prices realized at Auction. Large 8vo, cloth. $2.50.

Wakeman Library Catalogue, Describes the Works of Bryant, Emerson, Hawthorne, Holmes, Longfellow, Poe, Lowell, Thoreau, and Whittier. 1280 Titles, with many Facsimiles, and the Prices Realized at Auction. Large 8vo, cloth. $2.50. G. A. BAKER & CO., 480 Lexington Ave., New York.

First Editions

A New Catalogue Just Issued. Complete sets of Dreiser, Cable, Bret Harte, John Masefield, and others; Bruce Rogers Productions, accurately described and offered at moderate prices. Copies upon request. G. A. BAKER & Co., 480 Lexington Ave., New York.

Firsts: D. H. Lawrence

Catalogue of this important writer's first editions sent to serious book collectors. Harold Jay Snyder, 1440 B'way, N. Y.

Professional Services

WRITERS' GUILD OF NEW YORK
225 Fifth Avenue, offers complete analysis and criticism of any manuscript, not over 10,000 words, for $5. Reading and market opinion without charge. Nominal fee for extensive marketing service. 'Phone CAL. 5-2261.

General Items

The Collector's Journal is published quarterly for those interested in first editions, old magazines, newspapers, Americana, playbills, autographs, prints, dime novels, sheet music, etc. $1 yearly; 30 cents a copy. 465 South Detroit St., Los Angeles, Cal. Third Successful year.

Classified advertising 50 cents a line

ON READING THE SMART MAGAZINES

by FRANCES TAYLOR PATTERSON

TODAY, when I was attempting to do the housewifely thing by the attic, I came upon a handsomely tooled leather case. The thing had a familiar look . . . but what on earth . . . ? I opened it. The case contained a set of jockey lifts, boot jacks, and spurs. I remembered now. "The Smart English Hunting Companion" it had been called in the advertisement. And it had been bought by me, presumably in my right mind; by me who had never in my life been on a horse.

I sat down on a trunk to think. This sort of thing seemed to be happening all the time. Only yesterday I had come across a pile of chamois polo shirts in a bureau drawer, and the day before I had surprised a pith helmet skulking in the depths of a closet. Now such things are all very well for people who Lead the Out-Door Life. I, however, not only don't lead it, I don't believe in it. I never did. I hate exercise. I prefer to follow the pursuits of the mind. But the curious thing is that I seem always to be following them in jodphurs.

Wherefore, I am afraid, the psycho-analysts will ferret out the dreadful truth, so I may as well confess to it at once. Yes, I read the smart magazines. And the result, of course, is "The Smart English Hunting Companion" and the pith helmet.

In the case of the latter, it all started with one of those Round the World Cruises. In the "literature" there were Pyramids and palm trees and people in pith helmets riding on camels. Apparently you can't ride a camel without a pith helmet. So I got one. But when I looked more carefully at the particular trip for which I was booked, I found the Pyramids had been left out. The Sahara had been gobbled up by the Mediterranean trippers who had sailed in February. We got Tasmania and Australia, where they had kangaroos instead of camels, and I wasn't sure whether one rode a kangaroo in a pith helmet, if at all.

However, in scrutinizing the ship's announcement, I was overjoyed to find on page 17 that the gymnasium was equipped, not with the usual electrical horse, but—believe it or not—an electrical camel. In these modern Noah's Arks, it seems, the animals go aboard not by pairs but amperes. This particular camel was said to have quite a high pedigree in the way of voltage and was guaranteed to travel long distances—on the motometer. So I was glad I had the pith helmet.

But that was before I got aboard. After I had plunged and reared around for a few hours on the bucking broncho, which they said was a berth, I saw no necessity at all for bringing an electrical menagerie to sea. This went, too, for the stationary bicycle. I had been quite excited at the idea of scorching across the Atlantic on a bicycle. I had even gone so far as to buy a pair of trouser-clips; not that I wear trousers, but the clips were the only equipment ever mentioned by the magazines for the sport of cycling as practised by the Fashionable at Bermuda. So when the literature said there was a bicycle on the ship, I got the clips. But together with the pith helmet, they turned out to be conspicuous economic waste. I just said to the steward: "A little weak tea, please."

Later, when I was able to go up on deck, I was confronted again with the same old problem of appropriate clothes. I was equipped, according to the best advices of the magazines, with the proper things to wear while playing shuffleboard, quoits, clock golf and miniature horse-racing. The trouble was, my schedule didn't include any of these. For exercise I had planned a few rounds of fiction before breakfast, a bout with biography before lunch, and a little sparring with the philosophers before dinner. And although I had combed through the most fashionable magazines I had found no little two-piece fiction frocks, no chic biography ensembles, and certainly no pyjama-philosophy suits sponsored by the Rue de la Paix. They had all entirely neglected to say What the Well Dressed Woman Will Wear While Reading. One might hazard a guess that Michael Arlen should be done in a green hat, Robert Burns in a tam o'shanter, and Frederick O'Brien in perhaps nothing at all. Unfortunately I had with me at the time the "Life and Letters" of Walter Page. There was nothing to do but follow him through the Court of St. James in the pith helmet.

Altogether the trip was a good deal of a disappointment, although I followed the smart magazines right down to the matter of luggage. They suggested pigskin with shagreen fittings. Rather expensive, I thought. But, then, they went on to say that your luggage always marked you as a cosmopolite and a Citizen of the World. That was true. I remembered I had always been fascinated by such labels as "Cairo" and "Luxor" and "Darjeeling." There was no use having lovely names like those on Grandfather's old Gladstone bag. So I got the pigskin. When I had signed up for the cruise, the steamship people had given me change from several thousand dollars in what seemed strange paper money. It turned out to be not change at all; just pasters for my luggage.

But would you believe it? At the end of the trip when I was waiting for the Customs man to go through my things, I happened to glance at that pigskin bag. And did it say "Melbourne"? Did it say "Sydney"? Did it say "Zanzibar"? It did not. It said: "The Palmer House. Utica, N. Y." I was willing to swear under oath that I had never in my life been in Utica, N. Y.—not that I have anything against the place, but I just hadn't ever been there. And I had never even heard of The Palmer House. Then I remembered that when we were motoring down from Canada we had stopped somewhere to have the carbon taken out of our cylinders; that must have been Utica. And we had our lunch while we were waiting; that must have been The Palmer House. I can't recommend the food, having forgotten what I ate. But any time they want, I'll give them a testimonial on their glue.

So far I haven't said a word about the skipper-jackets and swimming suits which I was inspired to buy for that trip by a picture which insisted that they were "the bare necessities of life for the Smart Finny Folk who loll about the luxurious pools of our Great Ocean Greyhounds." They were bare enough, perhaps, but hardly necessities. Certainly not for me, because I don't know how to swim.

Of course, theoretically, there is nothing I abominate more than incongruous clothes. But, owing to the science of numerology, or the position of the stars at my birth, or maybe just trouble with the Dry Cleaners, I seem always to be arriving in red flannel at the Tropics and chiffon at the Poles.

Take last winter, for instance. I was invited to dine at an exclusive club which had been founded in the East Sixties by Society Women who had Revolted. Their club was called Little Bohemia, and I had heard that they used beer kegs for tables. Most of them wore jumpers made out of sail-cloth, under the impression that they were Basque Fishermen. But not on Tuesday. That was the catch.

Well, you may remember that last year was what all the smart journals except the *Wall Street Journal* called an astrakhan year. I had, in the beginning of the season, surrendered myself to a couturier who belonged to a branch of the late Czar's family-tree, now quickly becoming a forest. I emerged from his hands reeking, figuratively, of vodka, the Kremlin, and the Winter Palace. I was, oh, very Romanoff, with a Russian tunic edged with astrakhan and an astrakhan toque and muff. These would, I thought, blend in nicely with the beer-kegs and the sail-cloth.

I must confess that the attendant in the dressing room did her best to save me. She all but tore the tunic from my back in the desperate hope that the nothingness underneath it might be dinner gown. It was, however, only my slip. And I had no intention of letting a proletarian coat-checker interfere with the masterpiece of a Grand Duke—or anyway Great-grand. I was determined to get into the dining-hall complete. And I did.

Armed to the teeth with my muff, toque and tunic, I hurled myself upon the assemblage. It was then that I learned on Tuesday nights the ladies went Park Avenue and dressed for dinner. I suppose what they had on was nothing less than the usual *décolletage*, but I assure you, you have no idea what a *décolleté* gown looks like until you see it in astrakhan. I could only be grateful that the Grand Duke hadn't thought of ear-laps.

I suppose I should have known in the beginning that I am not the Russian type anyway. But there again, that's one of the mysteries of the Smart Magazines which I have never been able to fathom. They are forever referring to your type. If you are such and such a type, you should put rouge on your ear-lobes; if not, you should put it on your chin.

Apparently all the readers except myself know exactly what type they are. They can tell at a glance whether they should wear a Garbo bob or a bang after the manner of the Jersey Lily. I, however, haven't the faintest idea what type I am. Searchingly I go through the latest magazines. Patou's *Simplicité*, Molyneux's *Exotique*. Which type am I? Nobody seems to know. Godet doesn't say; Vionnet doesn't say, nor Maggy Rouff, who, one fancies, would be nothing if not outspoken. Chanel doesn't know; nor either of the Callot Sisters. Nobody seems to care whether I should wear a "mauresque" shade of powder and keep my husband's love, or whether it would be better after all to lose it. It is most disappointing—after you have paid your fifty cents.

Then suddenly I see: "If you are the blue-eyed chatain type. . . ." I take hope. I don't know what "chatain" means; I must have been absent from school the day they had that. But I have got blue eyes. Of course there is nothing geographical about them, like these eyes in the magazine: "If your eyes are Brittany blue; if they are the color of the skies in the Midi; if they have the azure glint of Mediterranean seas. . . ." I follow avidly. Yes, yes, if they are all this, what does one do?

Disappointment again. It seems one wears a bandique of sapphires in one's back hair. Since the only sapphire I own is in the stem of my wrist watch and the watch doesn't go—or anyway not far—this piece of information isn't very helpful. And that is the only mention of blue eyes in the whole magazine. The rest is all about black eyes being the rage in society for winter and early fall.

So sadly I begin to think that I shall never know my type. And then suddenly I am positive that there is one type I am not. I am not the type for Smart Magazines. Determinedly I take up "The Smart English Hunting Companion" and the jockey lifts and bootjacks and spurs, and hide the whole thing away under the eaves. Yet remembering what quantities of bright lithograph and printer's ink there are in the world, even as I go downstairs I have a horrible suspicion that next week I shall be buying something smart to wear while bear-baiting or beagling.

STORY

THE MAGAZINE OF THE SHORT STORY AS LITERATURE

•

STORY is distinguished for its *awareness of values* in the short-story field.

Readers of STORY are distinguished for their response to these values.

The Editors of STORY maintain that fiction did not end in the 'nineties or 'twenties. The short story in the 'thirties has found its own new vitality.

If you are interested in the most significant contemporary short stories in America and the world, you cannot afford to miss a single issue. If you subscribe, you won't suffer this disappointment; the first American number was immediately exhausted.

•

This coupon will bring you STORY for a year, at $2.50, the price of a popular novel or a single Broadway theatre ticket.

A Partial List of Contributors to STORY, 1931-1933

Erskine Caldwell	H. E. Bates
Kay Boyle	Doris Peel
George Milburn	Whit Burnett
A. E. Coppard	John Cowles
Peter Neagoe	L. A. G. Strong
Alvah C. Bessie	William Faulkner
Bessie Breuer	James Stern
Manuel Komroff	Eugene Jolas
Myra Marini	Leo L. Ward
James T. Farrell	Oliver Gossman
Ralph Manheim	John Fante
Leane Zugsmith	Ira V. Morris
Carter B. Jones	Ruth Blodgett
Abraham Raisin	George Albee
Rudolph Fisher	M. Zostchenko
Martha Foley	Helena Clayton
Chas. K. O'Neill	Tess Slesinger
E. P. O'Donnell	Conrad Aiken
William March	Naomi Shumway
Carlton Brown	Laurence Vail
Elizabeth Wagner	M. Sadoveanu
E. G. Caballero	Roderick Lull
Stoyan Christowe	Jose Villa
Arnold Paine	Robert Musil
Theodore Pratt	W. C. Williams
Zora Hurston	Grace Coates
Nelson Algren	Linda Henly

STORY, 20 E. 57th St., N. Y. C.

I enclose $2.50 ($3.00 Canada or foreign) for which please send STORY for one year beginning with the ..... number, to

Name .....

Address .....

THE AMERICAN SPECTATOR
12 EAST 41ST STREET, NEW YORK CITY

Enclosed find $..... (Check, cash, money order) for One Year's subscription to THE AMERICAN SPECTATOR, to begin with the ..... issue.

Name .....

Address .....

$1.25 in U. S. and possessions — $1.75 elsewhere

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED